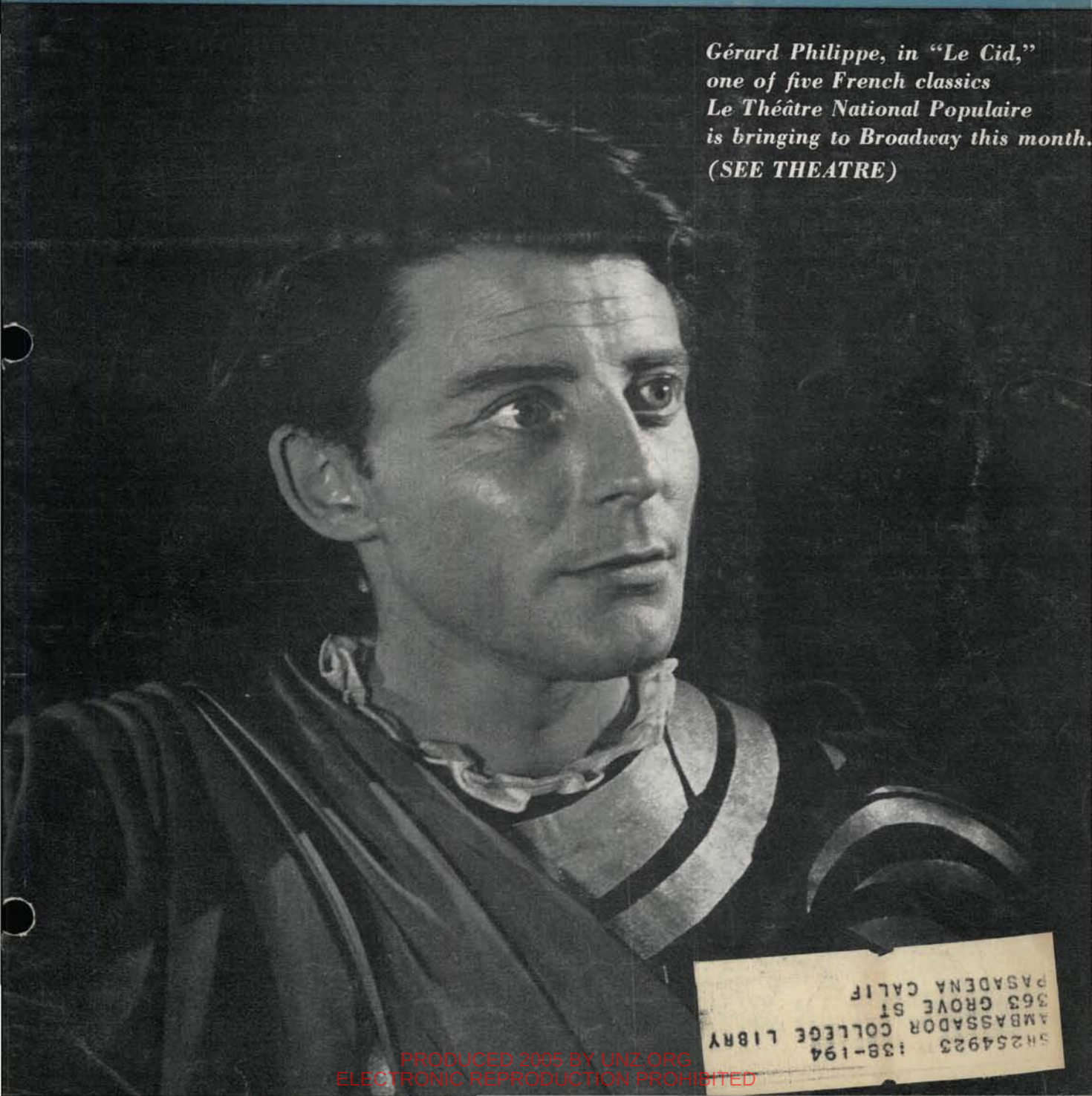
Saturday Review

OCTOBER 11, 1958 / 25c

THE EDITOR: MIDWIFE OR MEDDLER? by Catherine Drinker Bowen

BOOKS FOR AUTUMN READING: SR's Annual Fall Selections



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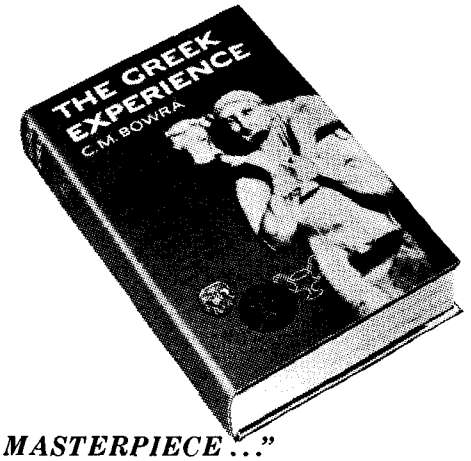

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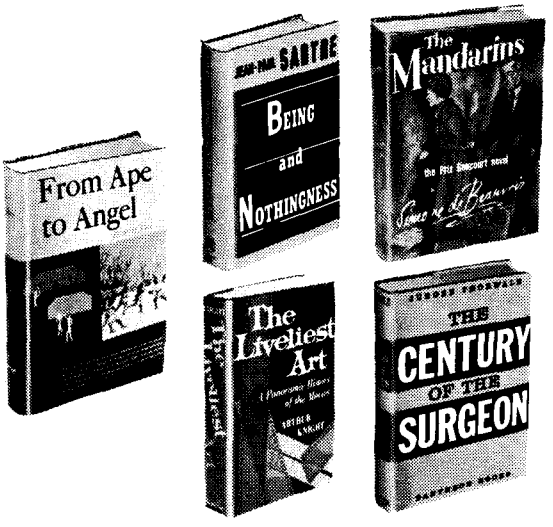

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And so I hope you will take me seriously when I say that "The Exploding Metropolis," by the Editors of *Fortune* is one of the most *provocative, stimulating, challenging, exciting* books I have read in a long time.

It is a discussion by experts of the plight of the American city, and it is a book that anyone who lives in or near a city (and particularly those who live in suburbs) should read.

W. H. Whyte, author of "Organization Man," contends in his introduction to this book that most of the current rebuilding of cities is being done by people who don't like cities. Taking the startling stand that cities are not un-American, the book warns that we have just about three or four more years to decide how decent a place this country will be to live in.

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Those concerned with civic problems will have to have this book; but any city reader will ignore it at his peril. For "The Exploding Metropolis" is a book that hits you where you live.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Exploding Metropolis" ($3.95), by the Editors of *Fortune*, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, all of which are located in or near big cities, one of them being at 4948 Maryland Avenue, St. Louis 8, Mo.

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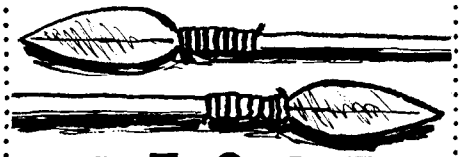

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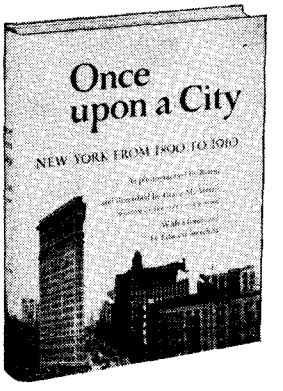
By Grace M. Mayer

Curator of the Museum of the City of New York

Photographs by Byron

Foreword by Edward Steichen



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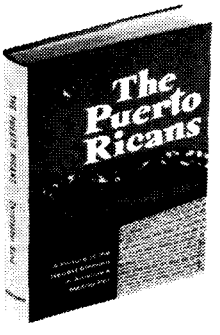

Christopher Rand's
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is a study of the latest great emigration to the United States mainland. HARRIET DE ONIS says of it:

"Succinct . . . sympathetic . . . a valuable contribution to a better understanding of 'the newest element in America's melting pot'. . . The author studies the Puerto Ricans in their new environment — talking with them, observing them at work and at play . . . an excellent job of factual reporting."
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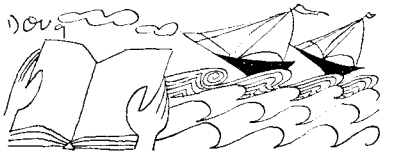
TRADE Winds

FOR THE SPECTATOR the racing of yachts is unique. In no other sport can a person get so much reading done. The two lovely boats that raced each other for the America's Cup covered twenty-four miles in about five hours, more or less, and for the crewmen it is usually fun speeding through



the ocean. But for a fellow who is about a mile away, the racers seem to be at a virtual standstill, and it is only necessary to look up at the end of each chapter to see who's ahead.

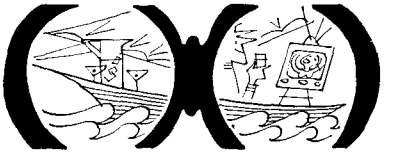
When I found myself packing for the several days I spent on board Jack Maury's romantic old schooner, *White Wing,* as usual I grabbed some books at the last minute. At sea, the selection for reading quickly boiled down to one or two of the half dozen. In the first place, Robert Penn Warren's finely constructed and thoughtful "Selected Essays" (Random House) were each too long, and I was apt to lose complete control of the race if I waited until the end to grab the binoculars and check up. Therefore, I went to work on Viking's "The Portable Mark Twain," and I was sailing along nicely from chapter to twelve-meter yacht to chapter in the best novel ever written ("Huckleberry Finn," in case you didn't know) when I found myself back at Chapter II again. Some sabotage at the bindery; two first halves of Huck and no second half. Since Twain didn't write anything else very good, I put it aside, saving it for the day when I shall walk into Brentano's and try to get my money back.

THE NEXT VOLUME in the bottom of the bag was Modern Library's paper edition of Waugh's "The Loved One." As I became involved in the antics of Mr. Joyboy and Miss Thanatogenos and Dennis at Heavenly Rest and the Happier Hunting Ground, I found it more difficult to look up at the end of each chapter. (By this time *Columbia* was leading *Sceptre* again, for the edification of those who want to know who's on first.) "The Loved One" is a satire that takes all the paint off the walls.

I finished my cruise with a novel that has the America's Cup races beaten by a mile for entertainment "Eang the Drum Slowly" (Knopf), by Mark Harris. This is one of those books that, as you go along, you keep wishing wouldn't come to an end. Someone said it's a bittersweet story, and if that means that some parts make you laugh out loud and others make you lump up in the throat and at the end you smile and read the last couple of paragraphs twice and you feel good because you know you have just read a good book—then it's a bittersweet story.

WHAT YOU'VE GOT to realize is that the race between these two big sloops was fairly incidental to the activity among the spectators. Ten miles out to sea there is a red-and-white buoy; that is the starting point. Each day a couple of thousand yachts of all sizes and kinds converged on this starting point. The sea was thus whipped up into a frenzy that rivaled Hurricane Diane. There was a jockeying for position on both sides of the race course by power boats and sailboats, destroyers, Coast Guard picket boats, a submarine (on the surface), an ocean-going vessel named *Arosa Sky,* a non-ocean-going ferryboat which rocked back and forth until we thought its passengers would be catapulted into the froth, tugboats, one outboard with two fat people in it, a funny steamer called *Boston Belle,* and a bunch of airplanes circling the whole mess.

The Coast Guardsmen raced back and forth in a dozen little tenders



with loudspeakers, crying orders at the fleet like, "Keep to the west of the destroyer!" Or they'd blow a siren and sheepdog a stray vessel back into the mob. When the race would start, all boats would gun motors a bit and inch along both edges of the course, in the middle of which the two racers seemed to be moving along as though they hadn't been invited.

As often as not, when I looked up from my reading, training my glasses on the race, I would find myself staring at a close-up of a pitcher of

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Among many present defense assignments is the development of guidance systems for intercontinental missiles.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

martinis on the fantail of some sixty-foot yacht, or the silver arc of a beer can tossed into the drink would cross my line of vision. Then I would make a survey of the area, and I would find that no one but me was reading on deck. Most of the people were using index fingers to stir highbal instead of to turn pages of books. On *Chanticleer*, the 118-foot yacht owned by outboard manufacturer Ralph Evinrude, there are five television sets, I was told, so perhaps his guests were watching a ball game. I don't know. Red Smith of the *Herald Tribune* and Bob Sylvester of the *Daily News* were on *Chanticleer*, because they mentioned her in their columns. I passed the boat closely many times and I didn't see either of them.

I'm telling you, there's a time and place for everything, and the America's Cup race is it. So thank heaven for Dramamine.

I PREPARED myself for the sporting event by attending the Silver Anniversary Party given by *Esquire* Magazine in New York. More than 300 guests consumed 250 pounds of roast beef and a lot of ham and other stuff. In that respect it was an excellent celebration. In another way I think the party was unique. The guest list included all sorts of famous and successful people, but there was a category for "ex-employes." The fact is that our town is loaded with ex-employes of *Esquire*, Inc. The firm has been some sort of a training ground for men and women who have gone into other jobs—some better, some worse.

Some employes are "ex" because they were requested to leave. Some probably said, "I've got to have a raise or I'll quit." Others said, "I think I'll write a novel." In any case, the *Esquire* twenty-fifth anniversary brought together a large percentage of these individuals, and I'd say it was the friendliest gathering of employes and ex-employes on record. If *Esquire* accepts the notion that it contributed something to the ex-employes, then as one of them I am going to claim that it was *vice versa*, too. And any outfit that is willing to have a party for the guys who quit or were fired—well, they'll have a Golden Anniversary Party that will be a humdinger. So congratulations to past, present, and future employes of *Esquire*!

I CAN'T TELL YOU what the food will be like, but the walls of the new Playbill Restaurant on West 44th Street will be something to look at. They'll be covered with murals by Al Hirschfeld, whose theatrical cari-

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A COLLEGE EDUCATION DOES NOT MAKE AN EDUCATED MAN

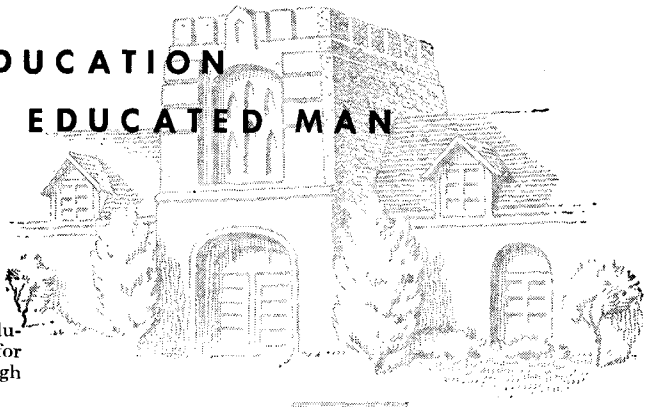
A message from Dr. Mortimer J. Adler,
EDITOR, THE SYNTOPICON

"The greatest mistake anyone can make about liberal education is to suppose that it can be acquired, once and for all, in the course of one's youth and by passing through school and college.

"This is what schoolboys do not know and, perhaps, cannot be expected to understand while they are still in school. They can be pardoned the illusion that, as they approach the moment of graduation, they are finishing their education. But no intelligent adult is subject to this illusion for long, once his formal schooling is completed.

"He soon learns how little he knows and knows how much he has to learn. He soon comes to understand that if his education were finished with school, he, too, would be finished, so far as mental growth or maturity of understanding and judgment are concerned.

"With the years he realizes how very slowly any human being grows in wisdom. With this realization he recognizes that the reason why schooling cannot make young people wise is also the reason why it cannot complete their education. The fullness of time is required for both."



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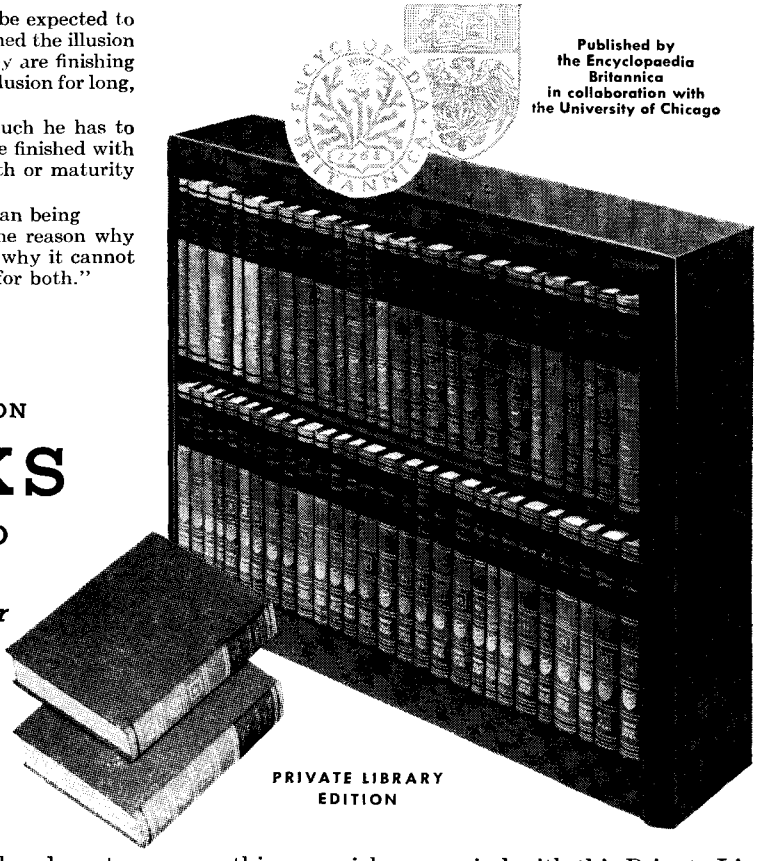

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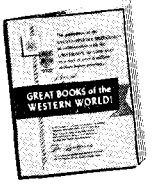

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by ROGER VAILLAND

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— in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*

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ALFRED A. KNOPF

Publisher of Borzoi Books

catures are so much fun. I guess you see them mostly in *The New York Times* now, although the artist is known for a lot of other work—illustrating books and such.

Three huge murals, done in casein and measuring twenty-four feet by nine feet, fifty by six, and seven by nine, depict (1) opening night, (2) Shakespeare, O'Neill, and Shaw in heaven, and (3) leading ladies of the theatre. You know what Hirschfeld thinks about first nights? He's a great theatregoer, you know, having seen his first show in 1913. (It was "High Jinks.")

"Oh," Hirschfeld moans, like some Civil War veteran recalling battles of yore, "first nights aren't what they used to be. They used to be big affairs, with high society attending them. It was like the opening of the opera is supposed to be now. But nowadays a theatre first night is just a bunch of agents, magazine people, Hollywood characters, relatives, and free loaders."

Well, I wouldn't know. But if you go and see a fellow with a beard, that's Hirschfeld. He's been to every opening night for thirty-five years.

I'VE BEEN TRYING for a long time to get off my chest more witticisms credited to Oliver Herford. He is the fellow who said, "A woman's mind is cleaner than a man's—she changes it more often."

Another time he told someone: "My wife has a whim of iron."

When someone ran into him on the street and greeted him with a slap on the back, Herford rebuked him with, "I don't know your face but your manner is familiar."

JOHN E. MARSHALL sent me a story which ended with six punctuation marks, but I removed the last one (an asterisk). Here's the story. A husband was mixing drinks while his wife delivered them to the guests. She asked, "Who do I give the double martini to?" Everyone remembers the answer (he said, "Darling, don't you know it's not 'who to,' it's 'who *toom*'?"). —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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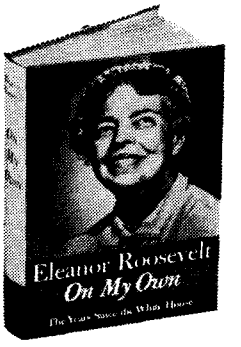

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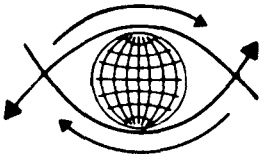

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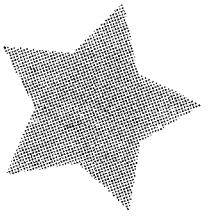
John Gunther



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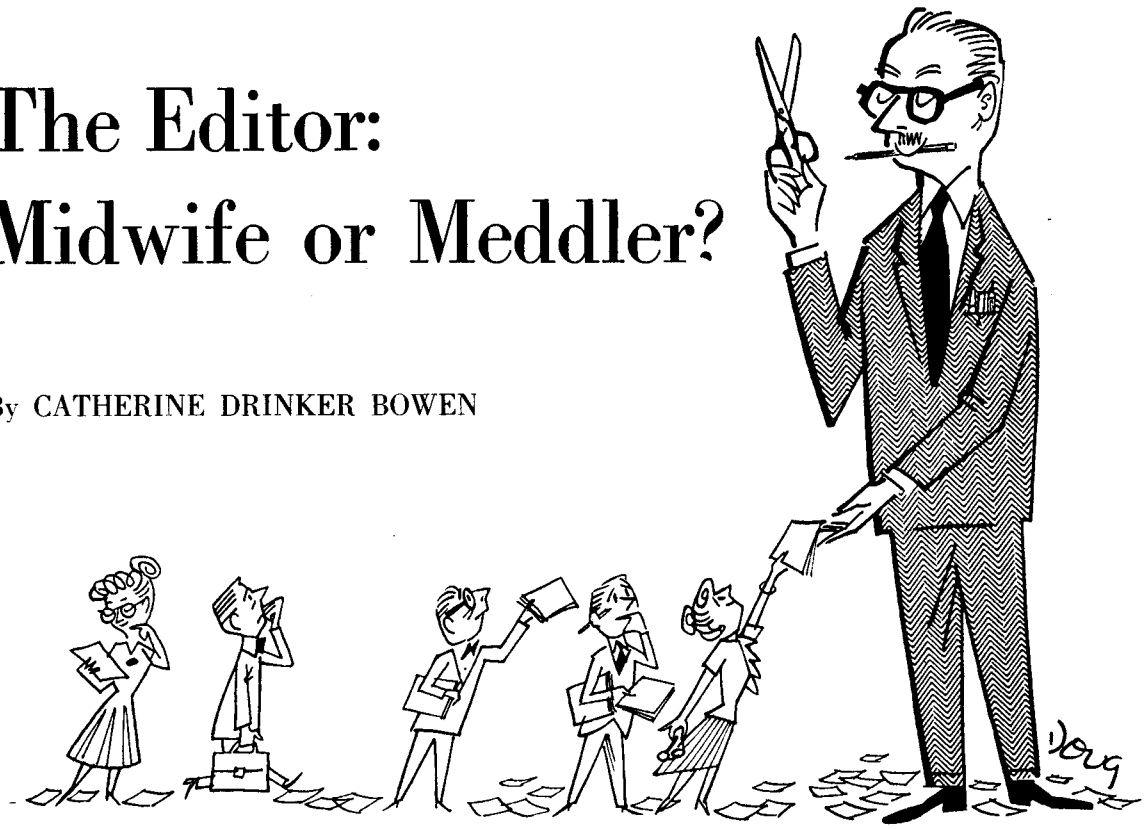
Saturday Review

OCTOBER 11, 1958

The Editor: Midwife or Meddler?

By CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN



BEFORE a manuscript goes between covers and becomes a book, it passes through many processes and expert hands. When one author meets another, he talks about these processes and persons, if he has a book in the presses. The person he seldom mentions, among all these, is the most important one—the editor who has read his manuscript, has made suggestions, deleted or asked for expansion here and there, or who has perhaps demanded bluntly, "What does this paragraph mean, and where is it headed, philosophically or dramatically?"

Sometimes this editor or critic has been a person outside of the publishing house—a friend or member of the family. I know one author who says he can tell by the pace of his secretary's typewriter whether his story as she copies it is dull or exciting; when the typewriter drags, he goes over the manuscript afterward with a doubly critical pen. This author is an old pro with an eye sharp for error and a spirit toughened by experience. But with beginning writers the case is different. They are tender to criticism, yet they need it.

And good editorial help is hard to find. In this connection, a writer's friends are sometimes his worst enemies; they confuse art with friendship and praise where they should query. The situation is, very likely, less the fault of the friends than of the author, who has come looking not for helpful criticism but for praise —a natural but dangerous seeking. If a writer needs to show his work, let him pick from his friends one who is at least his intellectual equal and has the authority to be severe.

THE writer should do well to remember, moreover, that a manuscript can dissolve under too much handling. A single critic is safer than three. Most dangerous of all is connubial criticism, the reading aloud of one's manuscript to one's partner. A good reader can make almost any manuscript sound well. It is an indulgence; I have been guilty of it myself at times, and I can think of quicker ways for a writer to kill his day's work—quicker, and in the long run less frustrating.

Talented editing, like talented teaching, is rare. And good editing is indeed a talent. Not everybody can read a manuscript to advantage. Print carries authority. It is not difficult to recognize talent in a published book, with blurbs on the jacket and critics praising in the newspapers. It is another thing to be able to go through a big, perhaps overwritten manuscript, discern what is there and be able to say, "This is a book," or, "This, with the help of heaven and hard work all round, will be a book." An experienced editor can read a manuscript and actually enjoy the good parts, while never failing to blue-pencil the bad parts. Some authors cannot stand the sight of editorial writing on their manuscript, it disheartens them. Other writers look on such marginal scribbling as a challenge. These criticisms, strung out word for word, can be a map, a set

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of saving hints and guide posts.

My first experience with a professional editor—a magazine editor, that is—took place more than twenty years ago, and it was chastening. Miss X, of a famous women's magazine, had commissioned six articles on "Music in the Home." My articles, as written, were unsuitable; they did not fit the magazine. They had the wrong tone. I knew it and was chagrined. Already I had published three books, and told myself I should be able to turn out a product on commission. By telephone I asked Miss X, whom I had not met, if I might bring my pieces to New York, where she could go over them with me, thus saving correspondence to and fro.

"I never work in the room with authors," Miss X replied. "Can't stand it. Authors are too fidgety."

In the end she did work with me, in the lounge of the Cosmopolitan Club on East Sixty-Sixth Street. I do not know how it fared with Miss X; for me it was rigid discipline. I listened, went home, rewrote the articles and pocketed the money, which I needed badly. This kind of exchange I do not call editing, so much as tailoring. Miss X knew what her magazine wanted; if I could produce it, well and good. She must have sensed my discomfort; I recall that toward the end of one session she said to me, "Walter Lippmann did a series for us. He told me it was the hardest discipline he ever put himself through."

I was grateful to Miss X, or perhaps not so much to Miss X as to a situation which proved, once for all, that I could write something I did not like to write and would have been happy to abandon. Since then, each of my books has presented compositional situations that blocked me for days or even weeks. I cannot say that memories of Miss X pulled me through. What I can say is that the experience helped, when I came to write my first biography. Good, bad, or indifferent as this book might prove, I knew that I could finish it as once I had finished those accursed music articles. Liking one's work or hating it at such moments is beside the point. Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution"—that "smoke and flame conflagration," as he called it—has been judged the most dramatic work in historical literature. Three quarters of the way through the work, Carlyle noted in his Journal: "I write my book, without hope of it, except of being done with it."

Quite a time passed, though, before I was willing to acknowledge that Miss X had done me good. She had tailored me, she had cut snippets and altered the colors of my creation. But she forced me to a kind of exposure that I had not previously experienced. Under her prodding I had to think of the reader, of the kind of vehicle that would carry my pieces. With a realistic, money-wise brutality, Miss X forced me to see that words, sentences, thought itself can be squeezed into various molds. Elasticity makes for strength in a writer; engineers, I believe, call it *tensile strength*. And it is well for the young writer to learn that there is more than one way of saying a thing. Nor is there any reason why, once he acquires this knowledge, the writer should use it to disadvantage. For myself, after that one experience, I tailored no more articles to order.

OUTSIDE of the publishing business, skilled critics of manuscript are seldom to be found, except among professional writers. Yet authors in full production should not be asked to read manuscript; they have neither the time nor the patience. Bernard DeVoto was a happy exception. One of the hardest workers I have known in the profession, DeVoto seemed to have unlimited time—when he was interested.

My first full length biography was "Beloved Friend," a life of Tchaikovsky, published in 1937. When it was done I wrote to DeVoto in Cambridge, Massachusetts, asking if he would read the manuscript. The other day I found his reply in my files. To bring him the manuscript would be a waste of time, he said, in effect. But bring it if I wished. "You have one of those queer minds," he wrote, "full of contrition, mouse squeaks and self-deprecation, that needs assurance."

I took my manuscript to Cambridge. Yet the stifling of mouse squeaks and the winning of assurance was not what I derived from those two days of work. (Actually, the DeVoto manner with authors was enough to crush any

Who Says Books Are Easier?

By Roland E. Wolseley

"NOTHING is more fun, and nothing is harder to write than ad copy. Writing a book is infinitely easier—there's no space requirement, no client to please, no taboos or restrictions, no exhorting the reader to go out and do something. Therefore it's not nearly as challenging or as intriguing as advertising." Thus, Walter Lord, author of "A Night to Remember," was quoted by an interviewer in a recent Advertising Age. *Mr. Lord, a copywriter for J. Walter Thompson, says this after having published two books, both trade and general.*

"No space requirement," hey? Evidently no publisher has told Mr. L. that if the printed book went beyond 320 pages it would be priced out of the market. Nor has any publisher ever insisted to him, aided by the editor of the series, that 150 manuscript pages must be cut to keep composition costs within reason.

"No client to please," says Mr. L. That's what he thinks. Unless you please a lot of clients your book doesn't sell, your publisher loses, and you lose doubly. Doubly? Yes, doubly. Your royalty returns are small and your publisher has little enthusiasm for, and no intention of publishing more of, your work, unless you have an agreement covering more than one book. You must be sure to please enough clients. How many is enough? That varies by books. Mr. Lord's Titanic *story obviously pleased more than enough.*

"No taboos or restrictions?" Maybe not for Mr. L., with his uncontroversial history books. But what of that writer in the Middle West I know whose book had to be called back, years before desegregation was stirring up the South, because it carried a picture of a lad of color? It was reprinted—minus picture.

"No exhorting the reader to get out and do something?"

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but the bravest mouse.) For eight consecutive hours, on the day after my arrival in Cambridge, we sat side by side on the sofa and I looked over DeVoto's shoulder while he made marks with a red pencil. There was no conversation. Reading my preface, DeVoto shook his head. "I don't believe this," he said. "Too fancy. How do you know Tchaikovsky was up there in the balcony, listening to the performance of his symphony?" DeVoto said he realized that the reader was supposed to recognize this as an imagined scene, recognize that the author was romancing. The red pencil dug across a line. "Put it in the subjunctive," DeVoto said. "When in doubt, always put these moonings and soarings in the subjunctive."

It worked beautifully. But after six or seven hours of silence and the red pencil, I began to sag. Hesitantly, I asked, "Do you like the book? Benny, tell me. Do you think it's any good?"

DeVoto looked at me reproachfully. "Did you come up here," he said, "to find out what's right with this book or what's wrong with it?"

I remember some still earlier sessions with DeVoto, at the Bread Loaf Writer's Conference, in 1934. I had come as a student, bringing a book-length manuscript of essays and four fiction stories. DeVoto sat on the Inn steps, reading my work. "You say everything twice," he remarked. "It's Biblical. 'I laid me down by the still waters; by the still waters I laid me down.' That kind of thing. The second time you say it, you say it better."

Can gold or rubies pay for such criticism? Bernard DeVoto had another remark that I think of often: "The chapter will do. *But just run it through your typewriter again.*" He meant, in effect, that I should rewrite it. Yet where is the chapter, composed by mortal hand, that is not the better for this final revision?

THE WRITING of a book is so desperate a venture that it requires every help an author can find. Whoever or whatever causes one to do one's best work, that is the man or plan to pursue. Years ago, I attended a conference of historians. All were college professors, and they had met to discuss what they called "Ways to a better Historiography." Translated, this meant, "How to write more interesting history books." One of the first topics up for discussion was, "Shall the historian borrow from the social scientist?" To a biographer, such a question is plain silly. Of course the historian should borrow from the social scientist! Historians should borrow—if borrow is the word—from the social scientists and the cartographers and the playwrights and the poets and the musicians. They should cast their lines and drag their nets in every water that may contain a fish.

What those professors really needed was a good dose of writers' conference. I rose to my feet and said as much. But the professors protested that they had learned to write long ago. They said they were very particular with their graduate students, in matters of grammar and diction for Ph.D. theses. I gave up that battle and said no more. The professors, it was plain, had forgotten the word *communication.* Immersed in research and in the verifying of facts, they overlooked those thousands of strangers to whom their books would be addressed. Consider biography, which is history's first cousin. At the biographer's feet as he works there yawns an everlasting pitfall, sticky, miry. This is the trap of dullness—call it academic prolixity—caused by the inclusion of incident which to the writer seemed necessary for historical clarity. In a devastating review, Macaulay dismissed a certain academic biography, thus:—"Compared with the labour of reading through these volumes, all other labour, the labour of thieves on the treadmill, of children in factories, of negroes in sugar plantations, is an agreeable recreation."

The danger is, of course, that the writer cannot recognize his own dullness. Because the subject interests *him*, it must surely interest the reading world. William Godwin, husband of Mary Wollstonecraft, wrote a four volume history of the English Commonwealth. Reading it over, Godwin had misgivings; he confessed them with a kind of lumbering charm:—"Upon a revisal of my printed sheets," says his Preface, "I feel dissatisfied with the Second and Tenth Chapters of the ensuing volumes, as not being sufficiently calculated to carry on the attention of the reader. The Second Chapter contains matters of dry and

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Mr. L. has a short memory. How about "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? "The Jungle"? "The Snake Pit"? Not always in so many words, but there have been hundreds of books which have sought to move people to action. No need *to exhort in writing a book, yes. Yes, for some authors. But if one is the kind of book-writer who is not content with reportage one can do nothing else but write with the hope that readers will translate emotional response into action. Anything else would seem immoral.*

". . . not really as challenging or as intriguing as advertising?" This statement would have interested Count Tolstoy, Thomas Mann, Marcel Proust, James Joyce, Sir Walter Scott, Sinclair Lewis, and other hacks who might better have turned their talents to writing ad copy.

Maybe Mr. L. is not talking about books in general but only about his kind of book. His kind is highly readable and admittedly a skillful job of factgathering and presenting. Maybe writing books comes so easily to our Mr. L. that he doesn't realize how really facile he is. But that's no reason to think everyone has it so easy, to believe that "Writing a book is infinitely easier." Maybe Mr. L. doesn't know how this sounds to people who have to work at book-writing. Let's turn the matter about.

Prof. Escelsior de Francisco, who teaches romance languages at Corngate University, is a clever chap. He supplements his professorial income by writing ad copy a few hours a week for Card, Rate, Agate, & Line, Ltd., a downtown agency short of copywriters these days. It's short because so many are on leaves of absence to complete books about the sinking of the Lusitania, *the sinking of the* Morro Castle, *and the sinking of the* Abercrombie, *the rowboat that foundered in Central Park in 1892 with three white poodles aboard.*

Professor de Francisco is interviewed by Upper Education *Magazine about his success in the greener pastures. He tells the interviewers:*

"Nothing is more fun, and nothing is harder to do than teach Spanish to college kids. Writing ad copy is infinitely easier—there are no people around to interrupt you, the rooms are always big enough, the clients are always satisfied and never fail to do their part, you can say what you please, and you don't have to see that your client amounts to something some day," he explained. "Therefore advertising's not nearly as challenging or as intriguing as teaching elementary Spanish."

How do you like it, m'Lord?

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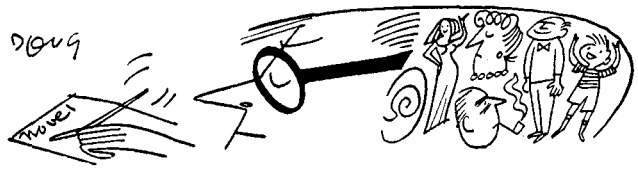
The Writer and His Puppets

By Jesse Stuart



DO NOT write a novel unless your head is bursting with its birth pains. If your mind is crammed with a host of aggravating characters who find themselves in conflict either with each other or with you, the novel is ripe and you will not find relief until you get it on paper.

Get up at two, three, four, or five in the morning so that you will have a world without interruptions, and go to work. Do this each day, for weeks, and for months, and even if you work slowly, your manuscript will steadily grow into a neat little pile. After seven, when you have enjoyed a good breakfast and you must go about your normal day's work, farming, teaching, driving a truck, or following any profession in which you are engaged, your novel's characters can become a nuisance. Even if you are a public speaker, they can crop up between you and your audience. They can walk right out of your head and create havoc.

Where do you get these characters? How do they get into your heart or your head? They can be uninvited strangers who come from nowhere. They can be the people down the street, across the hill, in the valley. If one has a defect which annoys you, you have the magic power, if you are a novelist, to erase it. If one needs a defect, you have merely to give it to him. You are the puppeteer and your novel's characters are the puppets.

You stand among people at a party where a man wants to talk. You listen. Perhaps it's not very good. You keep on listening, and then you take out a notebook and jot down something to remember.

When all the stories get inside, your head resembles one of those IBM machines which assembles facts and figures, sorts them out, and returns them to you added, multiplied, divided, and subtracted. Your private IBM machine assembles characters and situations, and in much the same manner delivers itself of a novel. The characters you have met in different places become acquainted and develop into participants. Your individual stories get together and form the big story. Characters and story then join and become a book aching to be born.

Days, months, and even years may pass before these characters get on paper. Some characters will become so difficult that you cannot control them until they are out of your head and on paper. Then you will know this is the greatest novel you have ever written. It may be the great American novel. It could even be the greatest novel ever written.

Then, you send it to some green-eyed editor who returns it to you with a letter of polite rejection. What do you do? Grieve? Nonsense. Not if you are a novelist. You only start over on another idea, for surely the characters and story you have in your private IBM this time will make the great American novel.

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minute information, but which seemed necessary at the root and setting off of the narrative which follows. The statements of the Tenth Chapter I should not have despaired of rendering agreeable without subtracting from what is essential in its contents, if I had had the opportunity of rewriting that portion of my History. Other defects in the volume I leave to the sagacity of my readers."

Poor Mr. Godwin! He has my sympathy. I know just what happened. All that important material on his file cards and in his manila folders must go into the text, it *must*. Let me inquire. in his own idiom, "Pray, Mr. Godwin, why did not you consult your son-in-law, Percy Bysshe Shelley? Of all people, a poet knows when a page is dull."

I would like to take high ground here, and suggest that it is not mouse squeaks and contrition that sends a writer to a critic before publication, but the desire for perfection—an urge to test one's work to the uttermost while there is yet time. The writer wants to find out if he has done his best. Some writers, I am told, know without asking. Oddly enough, I have not met one of this breed, though I am acquainted with many writers. W. H. Auden has a pertinent word to say here: "Ascribe it to prevenient grace, intuition, or sheer luck as you will, one of the surest signs of genuine talent seems to be a capacity to meet the right helper at the right time. There are some unfortunate or self-destructive writers who show as unerring a flair for always choosing what, for them, are the wrong influences as some men show for choosing the wrong girl."

A writer's work can be a fearful exposure, not only of his weakness as an artist but as a person. Always and invariably, an author's books are about himself. Nor need it follow that his product is a self-portrait. Boswell bore little likeness to Sam Johnson. Yet, whatever form the serious writer chooses—fiction, poetry, biography—his books are written because he has something to discharge, some ghost within that struggles for release. In company with other authors I am often asked if I am "with book," or when I expect to "give birth." There is reason for this tired witticism; in his book a writer actually is discharging some part of himself. I have worked with authors on their manuscripts and I think my worst impatience comes when I see them too self-protective. Even the talented ones seem to hold back. "Peel off that tender skin," I want to tell them. "Throw it on the page and let the page bleed! Write, if you can, with all the restraint of Katherine Ann Porter. Or write with the rawness of Tom Wolfe. But let it out! Turn the spigot on full. What are you saving yourself for?"

Biography is history, built on the facts of lives other than the author's life. In the writing of biography, therefore, one might think this situation did not obtain. How can the biographer let himself out, and where is room, in history, for artistc self-exposure? My answer is, On every page. Biography is the story of a human being, an individual in his

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Young Love

By Granville Hicks

HERE we have three novels, two of them by extremely young writers. None is first-rate, but all can be called promising, and each is at least moderately interesting as a picture of life in our times.

Jonathan Kozol was twenty-one when he was graduated from Harvard last June, and he goes to Oxford this autumn as a Rhodes scholar. His first novel, **"The Fume of Poppies"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3), concerns the adventures of a Harvard undergraduate in love. The narrator meets Wendy, a Radcliffe girl, in a literature course. They spend some time together in a log cabin on a lake in Maine, and then they have a room in Cambridge. During the Christmas holidays a year later they suddenly decide to fly to Europe. After some months in Spain, Switzerland, and France, they run out of funds and have to appeal to their not surprisingly exasperated parents for the fare home.

Mr. Kozol takes as frank a pleasure in descriptions of travel as William Dean Howells did when he wrote "Their Wedding Journey." There, however, the resemblance between the two books ends, for when Mr. Kozol isn't writing about scenery, he is writing about what goes on in bed, an article of furniture that does not figure prominently in Howells's novel. These are the elements of which the novel is made, travel and sex, and Mr. Kozol writes about both with likable enthusiasm.

Young as he is, Mr. Kozol has learned a good deal about the craft of writing, and the book has many excellent pages, but it stays close to the surface. During the first three-quarters of the novel, while Wendy and the boy are having fun, this doesn't matter, but it is a serious drawback when, on the voyage home, the romance blows up. The explosion, which is ugly, is effectively rendered, but we realize that we don't know enough about either the narrator or Wendy to understand why it has to happen, and the narrator's explanation, which has something to do with "being an American and acting as though you weren't," doesn't help much. After that, Mr. Kozol steers the novel to a neatly sardonic ending, proving once more that he is a clever craftsman, but a backward glance leaves the reader disappointed.

Edwin Daly is twenty-two, and last June he was graduated from Yale. **"A Legacy of Love"** (Scribners, $3.95) is his second novel, his first, "Some Must Watch" (which I have not read), having been published in 1957. "A Legacy of Love" is both more complicated and more conventional than "The Fume of Poppies." The scene is a small city in Michigan, and the principal characters—Susie Churchill, Buddy Masters, and Philip Doyle—are in the neighborhood of twenty. Susie, daughter of a high school teacher, has been going out with Buddy, son of Sheffield's leading businessman, but when Buddy's friend Philip appears, Susie falls in love with him and he with her. In the background there is a less than convincing love affair between Susie's father and Buddy's mother, but mostly we are occupied with the three young people. By way of a series of familiar situations, their relationship moves to a sad climax.

Susie is bright, idealistic, mildly rebellious; Philip has literary ambitions and a weak constitution. They are, it seems to me, more recognizable figures than the girl and boy in Mr. Kozol's novel, and their situation is more representative. Yet "A Legacy of Love" is a less satisfying novel than "The Fume of Poppies," which is itself, as I have said, satisfying only in certain portions. Mr. Kozol is sometimes colorful and exciting; Mr. Daly is consistently dull. What Mr. Daly has tried to do has been done many times, and he has failed to provide any justification for doing it again.

Robert Phelps is some fourteen or fifteen years older than Mr. Kozol and Mr. Daly, and a good deal more sophisticated, but **"Heroes and Orators"** (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.75) is his first novel, and he too is concerned with the behavior of the young, or at any rate the not very old, in love. In "The Fume of Poppies" love is a simple, straightforward matter, up to the point at which complexities suddenly overwhelm the hero and heroine. In "A Legacy of Love" there is nothing complicated about the relationship between Susie and Philip, the complications being provided by outer circumstances. In "Heroes and Orators," on the other hand, love is never free from ambiguity.

HEROES, according to the quotation from which Mr. Phelps takes his title, are men of action, and orators or poets are not. "The poet cannot do what the other does; he can only admire, love, and rejoice in the hero." Roger, who tells the story, is an orator, and his cousin Gib is a hero, a man of action, a man of impulsive action. Drinking, wenching, and reckless driving make up a large part of Gib's life, and in a dozen ways he is completely and even dangerously antisocial. But most people like him because he is so fully and unhesitatingly himself, and Roger, flattered by his

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"Well, here goes the three-minute mile."

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Books for Autumn Reading:

SR's Annual Fall Selections

This year SR *has asked major trade publishers to select three or four forthcoming titles which will be most appealing to our readers. Though necessary, the limitation on individual nominations is regrettable because of the blushes it has brought to certain firms faced with picking but a few from a plethora of interesting books. For that reason one or two houses are not represented.*

Abrams

PICTURE HISTORY OF PHOTOGRAPHY. By *Peter Pollack.* (Oct. 15)
TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF JAPANESE ART. *By Yukio Yashiro.* (Oct. 31)
KANDINSKY. *By Will Grohmann.* (Oct. 31)
ART SINCE 1945. *Text by Will Grohmann, H. Read, G. C. Argan, J. P. Hodin, M. Brion, S. Hunter, F. Jaffe, O Behalij-merin.* (Nov. 6)

Basic Books

HUMAN POTENTIALITIES. *By Gardner Murphy.* (Oct. 23)
MOMENTS OF DISCOVERY. *Edited by George Schwartz and Philip W. Bishop.* (Nov. 6)

Bobbs-Merrill

SPIRIT OF 'SEVENTY-SIX. *Edited by Henry S. Commager and Dr. Richard Morris.* (Oct. 29)
MISTRESS TO AN AGE. *By J. Christopher Herold.* (Oct. 24)
HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG. *By Glenn Tucker.* (Oct. 22)
GOOD FENCES MAKE GOOD NEIGHBORS. *By Joseph Barber.* (Nov. 3)

Braziller

MASTERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY. By *Beaumont and Nancy Newhall.* (Oct. 20)
MASTERS OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE. *By John Peter.* (Oct. 31)
CHINESE ART. *By William Willetts.* (Oct. 31)

Chilton

THEATRE WORLD. *By Daniel Blum.* (Oct. 30)

Coward-McCann

SAY NO TO LOVE. *By Gerty Colin.* (Oct. 21)
WORLDS APART. *By Tudor Edwards.* (Oct. 23)
MORE ESSAYS FROM THE WORLD OF MUSIC. *By Ernest Newman.* (Oct. 23)
MR. DAVIS'S RICHMOND. *By Stanley Kimmel.* (Nov. 7)

Crowell

THE CIVIL WAR. *By John S. Blay.* (Oct. 27)
100 MOST BEAUTIFUL ROOMS IN AMERICA. *By Helen Comstock.* (Oct. 17)
THE AUDUBON BOOK OF TRUE NATURE STORIES. *By John K. Terres.* (Sept. 30)

Crown

STRIKE HEAVEN ON THE FACE. *By Charles Calitri.* (Oct. 21)
SPARTACUS. *By Howard Fast.* (Nov. 10)
THE UNANNOINTED. *By Laurene Chinn.* (Nov. 26)

John Day

THE PATCHWORK HERO. *By Michael Noonan.* (Nov. 6)
TAMBOURINES TO GLORY. *By Langston Hughes.* (Nov. 13)
FRIEND TO FRIEND. *By Pearl S. Buck and Carlos P. Romulo.* (Nov. 10)
BEAU BRUMMELL: His Life and Times. *By Carlo Marid Franzero.* (Nov. 6)

Devin-Adair

MEXICAN JOURNAL. *By Selden Rodman.* (Nov. 20)
IRISH JOURNEY. *By Halliday Sutherland.* (Nov. 20)
IRISH STORIES AND PLAYS. *By Paul Vincent Carroll.* (Nov. 15)
THE VANISHING ISLAND. *By Charles C. O'Connell.* (Nov. 28)

Dial

AN END TO FURY. *By Edward Mannix.* (Dec. 4)
RIBBON CREEK: The Marine Corps on Trial. *By Gen. William B. McKean, USMC, Ret.* (Dec. 8)
MY MIND WENT ALL TO PIECES. *By Robert Mines, illustrated by Jules Feiffer.* (Nov. 25)
SEX AND THE ADOLESCENT. *By Maxine Davis.* (Oct. 24)

Dodd, Mead

1001 QUESTIONS ANSWERED ABOUT BIRDS. *By Allan and Helen Cruickshank.* (Nov. 3)
NEW HORIZONS IN LATIN AMERICA. *By Rev. John J. Considine, M.M.* (Nov. 3)
THE BOOK OF NEGRO FOLKLORE. *By Langston Hughes, Arna Bontemps.* (Nov. 24)

Duell, Sloan & Pearce

NORTHWEST TO FORTUNE. *By Vilhjalmur Stefansson.* (Oct. 31)
U.S. CAMERA, 1959. *Edited by T. J. Maloney.* (Nov. 21)
THE AMERICAN WAY IN SPORT. *By John R. Tunis.* (Oct. 24)

Farrar, Straus & Cudahy

EASTERN EXPOSURE. *By Marvin Kalb.* (Oct. 27)
THE SECRET NAME. *By Lin Yutang.* (Oct. 10)
THE UNMARRIED SISTERS. *By Dale Fife.* (Oct. 16)
F.C.D.: DUMAINE OF NEW ENGLAND. *By Dorothy G. Wayman* (Nov. 14)

Funk & Wagnalls and Wilfred Funk

ALTGELD'S AMERICA. *By Ray Ginger.* (Oct. 28)
THE GOLD OF TROY. *By Robert Payne.* (Nov. 7)
ALEC TEMPLETON'S MUSIC BOXES. *As told to Rachael Bail Baumel.* (Oct. 15)

Grove

POLAND. *By Clifford R. Barnett and others.* (Oct. 15)

Harcourt, Brace

THE VISITORS. *By Mary McMinnies.* (Nov. 4)
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK VAN DOREN. *By Mark Van Doren.* (Oct. 22)
REFLECTIONS ON THE PSALMS. *By C. S. Lewis.* (Nov. 5)

Hill & Wang

MOLIERE: The Man Seen Through the Plays. *By Ramón Fernandez.* (Nov. 5)

Holt

COMPLETE BOOK OF THE AMERICAN MUSICAL THEATER. *By David Ewen.* (Oct. 20)
YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL A FISHERMAN. *By Corey Ford.* (Oct. 20)
THE INSIDER. *By James Kelly.* (Oct. 20)
WEDEMEYER REPORTS! *By Albert C. Wedemeyer.* (Nov. 17)
BELOVED INFIDEL. *By Sheila Graham and Gerold Frank.* (Nov. 24)

Julian

THE QUALITY OF MURDER. *By John Holland Cassity.* (Nov. 30)
THE TEXTS OF TAOISM. *James Legge translation; introduction by D. T. Suzuki.* (Dec. 12)

Knopf

THE KLONDIKE FEVER. *By Pierre Berton.* (Oct. 20)
MOONLIGHT AT MIDDAY. *By Sally Carrighar.* (Oct. 20)
CHILD OF OUR TIME. *By Michel del Castillo.* (Oct. 20)
THE MARCH OF ARCHAEOLOGY. *By C. W. Ceram.* (Oct. 27)
THE LAND GOD GAVE TO CAIN. *By Hammond Innes.* (Nov. 17)

Lippincott

THE PENINSULA. *By Louise Dickinson Rich.* (Oct. 15)
MORE IN ANGER. *By Marya Mannes.* (Oct. 29)
QUIET, YELLED MRS. RABBIT. *By Hilda Cole Espy.* (Oct. 29)
MAX'S NINETIES. *By Max Beerbohm.* (Nov. 12)

Little, Brown

THE PIG IN THE BARBER SHOP. *By H. Allen Smith.* (Oct. 23)
THE GREY SEAS UNDER. *By Farley Mowat.* (Oct. 20)
THE ATLANTIC BOOK OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN POETRY. *Edited by Edith Sitwell.* (Nov. 12)
THE BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS. *By Amanda Vail.* (Nov. 12)

Longmans, Green

THE UNION READER. *By Richard B. Harwell.* (Nov. 26)

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THE SEVEN WORLDS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT. *By Edward Wagenknecht.* (Nov. 12)
THE EXCAVATIONS AT QUMRAN. *By J. van der Ploeg.* (Oct. 22)

McDowell, Obolensky

AGEE ON FILM. *By James Agee.* (Nov. 14)
ONE MAN IN HIS TIME. *By Serge Obolensky.* (Nov. 12)

cGraw-Hill

LIFE OF CHRIST. *By Fulton Sheen,* (Oct. 20)
THE WHITE HOUSE. *By Amy La Follette Jensen.* (Oct. 15)
THE BONE PICKERS. *By Al Dewlen.* (Nov. 3)
THE OPERATION. *By Leonard Engel.* (Oct. 16)

David McKay

DOUBLE EXPOSURE. *By Gloria Vanderbilt and Thelma Lady Furness.* (Oct. 23)
THE SOUTHERN CHRISTMAS BOOK. *By Harnett T. Kane.* (Oct. 20)
MAYA: The Riddle and Rediscovery of a Lost Civilization. *By Charles Gallenkamp.* (Nov. 3)
WORLD OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA. *By Florence Edsall.* (Oct. 20)

Macmillan

VOICES IN COURT. *By William H. Davenport.* (Oct. 28)
BAND OF BROTHERS. *By Ernest Frankel.* (Oct. 28)
BEWARE OF THE DOG. *By P. L. Giovannetti.* (Oct. 28)
THE MAGIC MAKER: E. E. Cummings. *By Charles Norman.* (Nov. 18)
MODERN VERSE IN ENGLISH: 1900-1950. *By Lord David Cecil and Allen Tate.* (Nov. 18)
THE ANCIENT MARINERS. *By Lionel Casson.* (Nov. 18)
JUSTICE OF THE HEART. *By E. Arnot Robertson.* (Oct. 21)

Meridian

A REVIEWER'S ABC: The Collected Criticisms of Conrad Aiken. (Nov. 10)
RELIGION IN AMERICA. (Nov. 15)
GODS AND HEROES OF THE GREEKS. *By H. J. Rose.* (Nov. 15)

ssner

VICTORINE. *By Frances Parkinson Keyes.* (Oct. 27)
I SAILED WITH RASMUSSEN. *By Peter Freuchen.* (Nov. 17)
THE ADVENTUROUS LIFE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL. *By Geoffrey Bocca.* (Nov. 10)

Morrow

THE RAINBOW AND THE ROSE. *By Nevil Shute.* (Oct. 22)
THE LOST WORLD OF THE KALAHARI. *By Laurens van der Post.* (Oct. 29)
SINAI VICTORY. *By S. L. A. Marshall.* (Nov. 5)

New American Library

THE AZTEC: Man and Tribe. *By Victor W. von Hagen.* (Oct. 21)
THREE GREAT PLAYS OF EURIPIDES. *Translated by Rex Warner.* (Oct. 21)
NEW WORLD WRITING NO. 14. (Dec. 23)

New Directions

NICHOLAS CRABBE. *By Frederick Rolfe (Baron Corvo).* (Nov. 19)

(Continued on page 51)

The Critics Go to the Polls

THE autumn harvest of books this year is rich and varied. To help readers in making their selections of the new books, *SR* has asked leading book editors throughout the country to name their own favorites. Here are their choices:

NINETEEN VOTES:

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO. *By Boris Pasternak. Pantheon.* $5.
This epic novel about a poet-doctor in the first half of this century depicts the social and intellectual world of the USSR, and introduces to American readers a distinguished modern Russian writer. (Beatty, Bond, Brady, Cady, De Morinni, Dolbier, Emmart, Flowers, Hass, McAdory, McManis, Nordell, O'Neill, J. K. Sherman, Snajdr, Tinkle, Troy, Wyllie, Yeiser.)

TEN VOTES:

LOLITA. *By Vladimir Nabokov. Putnam.* $5.
All about a middle-aged Frenchman with a passion for young girls, who, with one particular vixen, makes a hilarious cross-country tour of America. (Cross, De Morinni, Kirsch, Little, Lucchese, Nichols, Norris, J. K. Sherman, T. B. Sherman, Wyllie.)

EIGHT VOTES:

AKU AKU. *By Thor Heyerdahl. Rand McNally.* $6.95.
"Kon-Tiki" man Heyerdahl writes vividly of his visit to Easter Island, where he delved into the mysteries of ancient stone sculptures. (Babcock, Barkham, Bond, Cady, Flowers, Molyneux, Nordell, Snajdr.)

SEVEN VOTES:

THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING. *By T. H. White. Putnam.* $4.95.
A witty, anachronistic retelling of the Arthurian legend that chronicles the disasters and glories of Arthur's lifetime, and concludes with the mighty king's last and serenely philosophic days. (Dolbier, Flowers, Hogan, Lucchese, Nichols, Nordell, Yeiser.)

FIVE VOTES:

WOMEN AND THOMAS HARROW. *By John P. Marquand. Little, Brown.* $4.95.
Harrow, a playwright, is beset with ex-wives and financial dilemmas, but old-hand novelist Marquand makes it all entertaining. (Babcock, Brady, Little, O'Neill, Perkin.)

FOUR VOTES:

BALTHAZAR. *By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton.* $3.50.
An evocative and sensuous re-creation of modern Alexandria and the libertine life that goes on there, by the author of "Justine." (Dolbier, Emmart, Yeiser, Wyllie.)

MORE IN SORROW. *By Wolcott Gibbs. Holt.* $4.
Acerbic, witty, and elegant pieces written over the past thirty years by *The New Yorker's* late drama critic. (Flowers, Hogan, Hutchens, Wyllie.)

OTHER SELECTIONS:

ABANDON SHIP. *By Richard F. Newcomb. Holt.* $3.95.

THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY. *By Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton.* $5.

ALL THAT WAS MORTAL. *By David Dempsey. Dutton.* $4.95.

THE AMERICANS. *By Daniel J. Boorstin. Random House.* $6.

ARCTIC WILD. *By Lois Crisler. Harper.* $4.95.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH AUNTIE MAME. *By Patrick Dennis. Harcourt.* $3.95.

ART AND REALITY. *By Joyce Cary. Harper.* $3.

CALIGULA AND THREE OTHER PLAYS. *By Albert Camus. Knopf.* $5.

COMMITMENT TO FREEDOM. *By Edwin Canham. Houghton.* $4.85.

DAY ON FIRE. *By James R. Ullman. World.* $5.

THE DEMOCRATIC VISTA. *By Richard Chase. Doubleday.* $3.95.

THE DHARMA BUMS. *By Jack Kerouac. Viking.* $3.95.

DISCOVERING NATURE. *By Charlotte Orr Gantz. Scribners.* $3.95.

EAST TO WEST. *By Arnold Toynbee. Oxford.* $4.50.

EISENHOWER: CAPTIVE HERO. *By Marquis Childs. Harcourt.* $4.75.

THE EVOLUTION OF POLITICAL THOUGHT. *By C. Northcote Parkinson. Houghton.* $5.

EXECUTION. *By Colin McDougall. St. Martin's Press.* $3.50.

GIBBON AND ROME. *By E. J. Oliver. Sheed & Ward.* $3.50.

THE GREAT REBELLION. *By Earl S. Miers. World.* $6.

THE GREAT WEST. *By Charles Neider. Coward.* $9.95.

THE HOUSEBREAKER OF SHADY HILL. *By John Cheever. Harper.* $3.

THE INSOLENT CHARIOTS. *By John Keats. Lippincott.* $3.95.

IRRATIONAL MAN. *By William Barrett. Doubleday.* $4.

ISLANDIA. *By Austin Tappan Wright. Rinehart.* $5.95.

THE LAW. *By Roger Vailland. Knopf.* $3.95.

MARLBOROUGH'S DUCHESS. *By Louis Kronenberger. Knopf.* $5.75.

MR. OTIS. *By Stewart Holbrook. Macmillan.* $3.95.

ON MY OWN. *By Eleanor Roosevelt. Harper.* $4.

ONCE UPON A CITY. *By Grace Mayer. Macmillan.* $15.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. *By Alan Moorehead. Harper.* $5.

A TIME TO SPEAK. *By Michael Scott. Doubleday.* $4.50.

THE UGLY AMERICAN. *By William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick. Norton.* $3.75.

WAR AND PEACE IN THE SPACE AGE. *By Lt. Gen. James M. Gavin, Harper.* $5.

WARLOCK. *By Oakley Hall. Viking.* $5.

WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE. *By Theodore M. Bernstein. Channel Press.* $3.95.

The critics polled are:

DAVID APPEL, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*
FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
RICHMOND C. BEATTY, *The Nashville Tennessean*
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
CHARLES A. BRADY, *Buffalo Evening News*
EVAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
PEGGY DE MORINNI, *Buffalo Courier Express*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *New York Herald Tribune*
A. D. EMMART, *Baltimore Sun*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
WILLIAM HOGAN, *San Francisco Chronicle*
JOHN K. HUTCHENS, *New York Herald Tribune*
ROBERT R. KIRSCH, *Los Angeles Times*
CARL VICTOR LITTLE, *Houston Press*
SAM LUCCHESE, *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*
JAMES MCADORY, *Birmingham News*
JOHN MCMANIS, *Detroit News*
ROBERT MOLYNEUX, *Pittsburgh Press*
LUTHER NICHOLS, *San Francisco Examiner*
ROD NORDELL, *Christian Science Monitor*
HOKE NORRIS, *Chicago Sun Times*
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
ROBERT L. PERKIN, *Denver Rocky Mountain News*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star & Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
GEORGE TROY, *Providence Journal*
JOHN COOK WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Dancing Was Fun

BY THE fall of 1913 America had gone absolutely dance-mad. The whole nation seemed to be divided into two equal forces, those who were for it and those who were against it, and even the champions of the cause had to compromise to stay in business. When "ragtime" swept the country the one-step came right along with it, killing off the waltz and the two-step. A list of the popular dances of the time reads like a table of contents for a zoo, with the turkey-trot, the grizzly bear, the bunny hug, the camel walk, and the lame duck.

The battle of the newspapers began. Half of them condemned the new dances as not only unsightly, but downright immoral. When I had my appendix out the doctors got into the act. Half of them tried to prove that dancing had damaged my appendix and caused the attack. The rest of them stoutly defended both my appendix and my dancing. Dancing was good clean exercise . . .

I am more amazed to find, in going back over the newspapers of the day, that in the midst of the battle Vernon and I were never attacked. I think now it was because both sides regarded us as their champions. We were clean-cut; we were married and when we danced there was nothing suggestive about it. We made dancing look like the fun it was so gradually we became a middle ground both sides could accept.

—From "Castles in the Air," by Irene Castle as told to Bob and Wanda Duncan (to be published by Doubleday next month).

Personality Counts

WHEN you take to writing detective stories, the measure of your success depends on the amount of personality you can build up round your favorite detective. Why this should be so, is not immediately obvious; it might have been supposed that this kind of fiction had a merely mathematical appeal. But, whether because Sherlock Holmes has set the standard for all time, or because the public does not like to see plots unravelled by a mere thinking-machine, it is personality that counts. You are not bound to make your public *like* the Great Detective; many readers have found Lord Peter Wimsey too much of a good thing, and I have heard of people who were unable to appreciate the flavours of Poirot. But he must be real; he must have idiosyncrasies, eccentricities; even if he is a professional policeman, like Hanuad, he must smoke those appalling cigarettes, and get his English idioms wrong. And if possible—perhaps that is where Lord Peter fails—he must appeal to us through weakness; when he appears on the scene of the tragedy, the general reaction must be "A man like that will never get at the truth." It is because he drops his parcels and cannot unroll his umbrella, because he blinks at us and has fits of absent-mindedness, that Father Brown is such a good publisher's detective. He is a Daniel come to judgment.

—From "Literary Distractions," by Ronald A. Knox (to be published by Sheed & Ward this month).

A Comic Is a Poet

WHEN a modern comedian gets hit on the head . . . the most he is apt to do is look sleepy. When a silent comedian got hit on the head he seldom let it go so flatly. He realized a broad license, and a ruthless discipline within that license. It was his business to be as funny as possible physically, without the help or hindrance of words. So he gave us a figure of speech, or rather of vision, for loss of consciousness. In other words he gave us a poem, a kind of poem, moreover, that everybody understands. The least he might do was to straighten up stiff as a plank and fall over backward with such skill that his whole length seemed to slap the floor at the same instant. Or he might make a cadenza of it—look vague, smile like an angel, roll up his eyes, lace his fingers, thrust his hands palms downward as far as they would go, hunch his shoulders, rise on tiptoe, prance ecstatically in narrowing circles until, with tallow knees, he sank down the vortex of his dizziness to the floor, and there signified nirvana by kicking his heels twice, like a swimming frog. . . .

Those are fine clichés from the language of silent comedy in its infancy. The man who could handle them properly combined several of the more difficult accomplishments of the

A MOST PERFECT MASTER, said Ghiberti of Lorenzetti, whose artistic life in Italy of the early fourteenth century is the subject of George Rowley's extensive study, **"Ambrogio Lorenzetti"** (Princeton University Press, $20. 2 vols.). Lorenzetti's paintings were in the brilliant hues and stylized patterns of the Byzantine tradition, yet his frescoes and smaller bright panels foreshadowed the intense concern with the individual human form which heralded the age of Renaissance. Using the outward forms of religious art, Lorenzetti turned to more secular paintings: here, "The Allegory of Good Government."

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acrobat, the dancer, the clown and the mime. Some very gifted comedians, unforgettable Ben Turpin, had an immense vocabulary of these clichés and were in part so lovable because they were deep conservative classicists and never tried to break away from them. The still more gifted men, of course, simplified and invented, finding out new and deeper uses for the idiom. They learned to show emotion through it, and comic psychology, more eloquently than most language has ever managed to, and they discovered beauties of comic motion which are hopelessly beyond reach of words.

It is hard to find a theatre these days where a comedy is playing; in the days of the silents it was equally hard to find a theatre which was not showing one. The laughs today are pitifully few, far between, shallow, quiet and short. They almost never build, as they used to, into something combining the jabbering frequency of a machine gun with the delirious momentum of a roller coaster. Saddest of all, there are few comedians now below middle age and there are none who seem to learn much from picture to picture, or try anything new.

—From "Agee on Film," by James Agee (to be published by McDowell, Obolensky next month).

Artists Must Be Free

THE essential ingredient in any artist—essential to what is conceptual in his talent—is his freedom to describe what he sees, and what he feels: his freedom to realize, like Cézanne, his sensations. Essential to him is his freedom to be after strange gods. It is by their strangeness that he will know them, since he conjured them up. They are, by definition, the gods that beckon him into the territory ahead. The spirit of the place, this American place, as it is revealed in Thoreau, Whitman, Melville, and Twain, is the spirit of men who are after strange gods.

To be after them is the artist's calling: to find and serve them is his proper function. His individual talent, if he has one, will displace an old god with a new one—but the new one will bear an astonishing resemblance to the one it displaced. Tradition, insofar as it is living, lives on in him, and he is powerless to thwart it; but what is dead in tradition, the heavy hand of it, he destroys. In this act of destruction he achieves his freedom as an artist, and what is vital in his art is the tradition that he sustains.

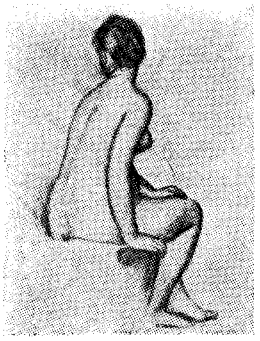
The man who lives in the present—in his own present—lives to that extent in both the past and the future: the man who seeks to live elsewhere, both as an artist and as a man, has deceived himself. This is an old deception. It is one of the crowded provinces of art.

—From "The Territory Ahead," by Wright Morris (to be published this month by Harcourt, Brace).

"Gabrielle with Jean Renoir."

"The Flowered Hat."

THE BATTLE OF LINE AND COLOR was a conflict which involved most painters during the nineteenth century. Baudelaire wrote, "a good drawing is not a hard, cruel, despotic, motionless line enclosing a form like a straitjacket. Drawing should be like nature, living and restless." How Auguste Renoir best used the softened line is illustrated in John Rewald's **"Renoir's Drawings"** (Thomas Yoseloff, $7.50). His sketches, in chalk, crayon, pen and ink, are marked with the same lushness of contour as in his richly sensuous paintings. In his introduction to the ninety-three plates, art critic Rewald concludes, "[Renoir] created a new kind of drawing in which a passionate harmony of mass, volume, and color emerges from strokes of chalk."



"Seated Bather."

We Should Explain

DEEPER than anything else, and beyond all else, is the fact that we Americans have been and are our own worst enemies. Aided and constantly abetted by Communist propaganda, the Asians believe now that American profession does not and perhaps cannot equal American performance. They go further. They doubt that we really want peace. The Voice of America talks loudly of our principles of racial equality but the Asian newspapers copy from our own papers the pictures from Little Rock. Asian eyes look upon Americans stoning our own Negro citizens, they see American faces distorted by hatred against dark-skinned people like themselves. The cumulating feeling mounts. We send guns to Little Rock and the news centers around Little Rock. There is no emphasis even in American newspapers upon the thousands of cities where integration is taking place quietly and decently, with the approval and participation of thousands of good and loyal Americans. Of these Asia does not know.

Who can blame the Asian if he doubts us? It is high time that we examine ourselves and discover, if we can, why we are as we are. It is time that we explain ourselves, that we reveal the strength of our virtues as clearly as we have revealed the evil of our faults. In honesty and frankness we must acknowledge our failures and in justice to ourselves reply that we are still in the process of struggling to achieve that in which we believe. We are still learning how to put our ideals into practice here in the laboratory of our own country and now we are asked to practice them in all the world. We are asked, and fairly, how we can practice them abroad if we cannot practice them here.

—From "Friend to Friend," by Pearl S. Buck and Carlos P. Romulo (to be published in November by John Day).

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"Sorrowful Yet Always Rejoicing"

"The Complete Letters of Vincent van Gogh" *(New York Graphic Society. 3 Vols. 1,864 pp. $50), together with its illustrations, illuminates the character of the tragic Dutch artist. The principal editor of this monumental work is Vincent W. van Gogh, Theo's son and the last living heir of the painter. Sheldon Cheney, who assesses the collection, is the author of "New World History of Art" and "The Story of Modern Art."*

By Sheldon Cheney

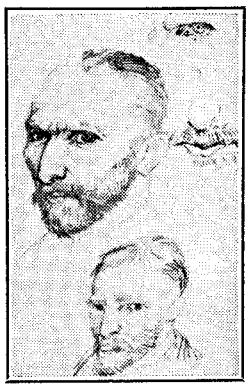
VINCENT VAN GOGH borrowed from St. Paul a phrase which he often employed, after his early failures in social adjustment, to describe the expected tenor of his life: "sorrowful yet always rejoicing." His letters, as known heretofore in part, form an unparalleled record of one man's sorrows. Now that the complete letters are available any reader may gain, beyond the saddening impression, a gladness over the satisfactions Vincent van Gogh derived from life: from nature, from poems and paintings and prints, from his discoveries about art, from his love of his brother Theo. His troubles multiplied far beyond those of most men; they were deep and complicated and almost ever-present. But he was intense in his enjoyments too, and hopeful to the last.

Perhaps because the biographers of Vincent have generally sought their materials over on the theatrical—even the sensational—side, the sorrows and troubles have been etched especially deep into the public mind. It is well that there comes at this time the sobering and more authentic truth as set down in the artist's complete letters. The three volumes under review include many heretofore hidden incidents on the "rejoicing" side.

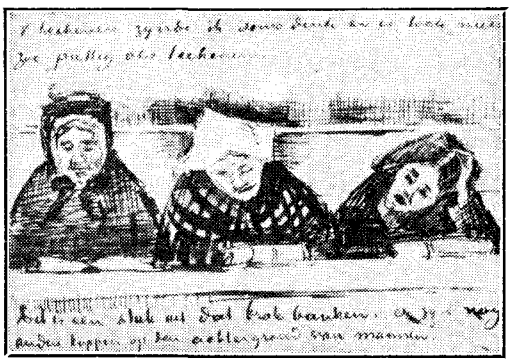
Among the new impressions gained will be—for most readers—that of the cosmopolitan person Vincent had become at the time of the love affair that served especially to turn him toward a prevailing sadness. In his London years he was already a man of the world, selling art works at the internationally-known Goupil Galleries, speaking and writing three languages, well read in the fields of poetry, fiction, religion, and art criticism. As if to mark his arrival at business competence and social conformity he bought and wore a top hat.

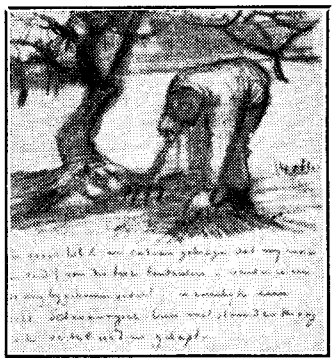
Thereafter, due to the shattering experience of the love affair, he began to descend toward tragic mental suffering, deprivation, and touchy human relationships that were his until the day he shot himself. Along the way he spent himself incredibly in an attempt to live literally the life Jesus enjoined upon His followers, among the miserable miners of the Borinage district in Belgium, and then, equally harassed and depressed at intervals, in his life given to art. Another of the impressions to be gained from the newly published letters is that of a man who saw nature always as pictures: the descriptions are in vivid painter's language, in terms of composition, atmosphere, color.

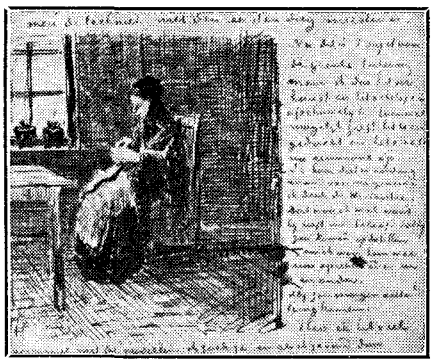
THE three volumes of "The Complete Letters of Vincent van Gogh" are presented in a handsome edition by the New York Graphic Society. The text runs to 1,864 pages and includes more than 750 letters from Vincent's pen, including the three series known (at least in part) to English-speaking readers, those to Theo, to Emile Bernard, and to Antor van Rappard. Added are twenty-three letters to a younger sister, forty-



Among the most tender of van Gogh's letters are those to his brother, his "dear Theo." This letter, written in April 1890 from St. Rémy, follows a severe mental attack: "My work was going well, the last canvas of branches in blossom—you will see that it was perhaps the best, the most patiently worked thing I had done, painted with calm and a great firmness of touch. And the next day, down like a brute. Difficult to understand, things like that, but alas! it's like that . . . My poor boy, just take things as they come, don't be grieved over me, it will encourage and sustain me more than you think, to know that you are running your household well. Then after a time of affliction perhaps peaceful days will come again . . ."







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three letters from Theo to Vincent, and three helpful introductions, one a short biography (thirty-nine pages) by the editor, Johanna van Gogh-Bonger. At the ends of the sections —"Dordrecht," "Amsterdam," etc.— there are inserted documents and sometimes major journalistic articles, all very illuminating. Curiously, these "extras" are not listed in the tables of contents and might easily be overlooked by any reader skipping about among the letters. The most serious omission is that of a list of the illustrations, and of their owners or location.

But let no one believe that this is less than a monumental work, edited with care and devotion, presented in attractive format, and destined to be the prime source for all writings about Vincent van Gogh hereafter. The illustrations are a sheer delight. They include all the drawings with which the artist was accustomed to garnish his letters. There are a few unconnected early drawings, a dozen family photographs, and some less than mature sketches. Among the very few color reproductions of major paintings there are three excellent self-portraits.

In the beautifully reproduced "letter drawings" Vincent's devotion to earlier artists is reflected: to Corot, to Jacob Maris and Anton Mauve, above all to Millet and Breton. But he learns too from Rembrandt, particularly from the superb etchings; he becomes indeed a master of the expressive hairline, and of cross-hatching that is almost careless in look but eloquent in statement and tonally correct; and something of Rembrandtian atmosphere lingers on in the lighting of his pictures. By 1884 Vincent had come to a manner so much his own that the pen drawings of the time could not be mistaken as from any other hand. It seems incredible that no one except Theo saw in these sketches the promise of greatness.

Thus we have perhaps the first major work in the van Gogh literature in English. If, like all such collections, it includes some pages that are routine and devoted to trivia, it yet presents an enormous number of letters fascinating as human as well as art history. This man who proved himself so often a duffer at the most difficult of the arts, the art of being in this world, yet became in his final years an angel of a painter, a flaming angel. In these letters he shows himself a considerable writer too. His book is not for research scholars alone but for any enthusiastic lover of his pictures. It is possible that no artist's paintings have been more widely loved in modern times.

Life in a Thousand Worlds

"The Letters of John Keats," edited by Hyder Edward Rollins *(Harvard. 2 Vols. 882 pp. $20), is a new edition of the poet's correspondence, which includes seven letters not previously printed in a like volume. What they reveal about a vital personality is delineated below by Leslie A. Marchand, professor of English at Rutgers University, whose life of Byron was published last year.*

By Leslie A. Marchand

INDIVIDUALLY Keats's letters may be less pungent and amusing than Byron's, and less thought-provoking than those of more intellectual poets, but few as they are (only 251 have been preserved), their total impact is considerable. They display a sometimes immature but always vital personality, an exuberant and sensitive spirit, a mind teeming with images and ideas, perpetually impatient with commonplaces or affectations of character and expression. Reading the letters in this new and most complete edition is a fascinating and melancholy experience, the poignancy of which is increased by the knowledge that its scholarly editor, Professor Hyder Rollins of Harvard, died only a few days before its publication.

In his correspondence Keats revealed himself the conscious poet, acutely responsive to every nuance of experience, who demanded poetry of life as well as literature, whose standards were so high that he constantly felt the shortcomings of his productions though he had no false modesty with respect to his own powers. "I find that I cannot exist without poetry," he confessed in 1817, and he added, "I began with a little, but habit has made me a Leviathan." He wanted to "tear from the book of Life all blank Leaves." In his early intoxication with poetry he cried, "O for a Life of sensations rather than Thoughts." Later he was torn between "an exquisite sense of the luxurious and a love for Philosophy." And reading Shakespeare convinced him that he must gain wisdom in order to be the kind of poet he wished to become. But he was always aware that poetry was a product of the subconscious and intuitive faculties. He wrote to his friend Benjamin Bailey: ". . . the simple imaginative Mind may have its rewards in the repeti[ti]on of its own silent Working coming continually on the spirit with a fine suddenness." And to John Hamilton Reynolds he wrote, "Poetry should be great and unobtrusive."

Until illness and hopeless love discolored Keats's life, his letters overflowed with a boyish zest which carried him from light ribaldry to high seriousness. Like Byron, to whom it was natural, Keats strove for that mobility of thought and feeling which is the poet's own province. During his Scotch tour he confessed to Reynolds, "My head is sometimes in such a whirl in considering the million likings and antipathies of our Moments—that I can get into no settled strain in my Letters." Speaking of the poetical character, he said, "It has no self—it is everything and nothing—it has no character—it enjoys light and shade; it lives in gusto, be it foul or fair . . . . What shocks the virtuous philosopher, delights the camelon [*sic*] Poet."

Before he was smitten by Fanny Brawne, Keats wrote his brother George:

> I hope I shall never marry. . . . The roaring of the wind is my wife and the Stars through the window pane are my Children. The mighty abstract Idea I have on Beauty in all things stifles the more divided and minute domestic happiness. . . . I feel more and more every day, as my imagination strengthens, that I do not live in this world alone but in a thousand worlds.

The complete letters (complete as it is now possible to have them: many still are available only in transcripts or printed sources that have suffered from Victorian editing) show Keats to be anything but the namby-pamby figure constructed by critics of the nineteenth century from the portrait given by Monckton Milnes, his first biographer. His letters to Fanny Brawne, too realistic and unheroic for Victorian taste when they were first published in 1878, now seem an honest record of tortured feelings. They display the double tragedy of Keats's life. Passion indeed had spun the plot. He had resisted being caught in the web

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of love, for he felt it "a cloying treacle to the wings of independence." And, once enmeshed, he was prevented by poverty and illness from tasting the compensating joys shared by common men. Writhing under that conflict Keats was a difficult lover. He who looked upon "fine phrases like a lover" had few of them to spare for Fanny. He was exacting and jealous. But in tragic life "no villain need be." He confessed in one of his more candid letters to her: "My Mind has been the most discontented and restless one that ever was put into a body too small for it."

This edition supersedes the most recent one of Maurice Buxton Forman, in accuracy of text, in dating, and in the notes. Besides adding seven new letters not before printed in a collected edition, and making corrections in others, it includes the most pertinent and interesting letters to and about Keats from Rollins's earlier volumes, "The Keats Circle." Brief biographical sketches of Keats's correspondents increase the value of the volumes. Meticulous preservation of Keats's frequent misspellings may annoy the general reader, but will earn the gratitude of the scholar who wants to know exactly what the poet wrote.

History Was Her Province

"First Lady of the Revolution," by Katharine Anthony *(Doubleday. 258 pp. $3.95), is the biography of Mercy Otis Warren, a political satirist from a Puritan society who was in the vanguard of this country's emancipated women.* SR*'s reviewer, Nancy Wilson Ross, is not only a popular novelist but the author of "Westward the Women," which was reissued last June.*

By Nancy Wilson Ross

IN TELLING the lively story of Mercy Otis Warren, "first lady of the Revolution," Katharine Anthony's excellent biography pays long overdue homage to a remarkable and singularly neglected American figure. One of the first in a direct line of this country's emancipated women leading to Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mercy Otis Warren put a remarkable mind and a fluent literary style to the service of the War for Independence. Not unlike Bernard Shaw, who turned his Fabian principles into theatre pieces, Mercy Warren, says her present biographer, turned her revolutionary ideas into verses and drama which, circulating as pamphlets, helped to focus the shifting loyalties of the Colonists during this turbulent period in America's growth.

Born in 1728, the oldest daughter of an eminent Whig squire of Barnstable, Massachusetts—Colonel, Judge, and Deacon Otis—Mercy was the sister of the brilliant and tragic James Otis, known to his revolutionary confreres as "The Patriot," and she became the wife of her brother's closest friend, the eminent general, James Warren. In spite of these close

—*From the book.*

Copley's portrait of Mrs. James Warren—"a woman of elegance and distinction."

personal relationships with powerful men of the era, it is certain that Mercy could never have played her significant role in history had it not been for the singular circumstances of her education: an indulgent father had permitted his eager daughter to study the same subjects in which his gifted son was being tutored.

Mercy Otis grew up on a diet of Dryden, Milton, Pope, Shakespeare, Molière, and translations from Homer and Virgil. When the time came for using her talents in satirical rhyming and dramatic dialogues it was on these classic examples of literary style that she modeled "The Adulateur," "The Defeat," "The Group," "The Blockheads," and all the rest of that amazing output of poetry, tragedies, farces, and satires that amused a tired citizenry and even heartened and delighted rough, war-weary soldiers—for Mercy's language was often astoundingly free in its use of barrack-room talk, if such realism seemed called for. This racy outspokenness—made possible by the author's carefully guarded anonymity—is by no means the least remarkable fact about this remarkable woman from a Puritan society.

Bold though she was by the standards of the day, Mercy obviously did not lack femininity. She enjoyed the intimate and respectful friendship of men like John and Samuel Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Elbridge Gerry, and retained the passionate adoration of her distinguished husband to his dying day, while her bond with their five sons was, if anything, overclose. It is plain to be seen from Copley's charming portrait in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts that she was a woman of elegance and distinction.

No less an authority than the Duke of Rochefoucauld, on an American visit in Mercy's declining years, was delighted to encounter at her Plymouth residence not a provincial New England bluestocking but a delightful gentlewoman—one whose *"sensibilité"* and *"activité"* were unaffected by either her advanced age or numerous afflictions (for by now there had been a number of deep sorrows in her personal life—the tragic insanity of her adored brother, the untimely deaths of several sons). Indeed she had just completed the three-volume "History of the American Revolution," a work that was published in her seventy-seventh year. So impressed was the worldly Duke by Madame Warren that he devoted a gratifying amount of space to a description of the lady as one of the New World's adornments in his *"Voyage dans les États-Unis d'Amérique."*

This deserved homage has not been repeated in American books of historic reference—so says Miss Anthony. Even the Encyclopedia Britannica does not list Mercy Otis Warren in its Index. In part the neglect is attributable to the circumstance of her sex, but some of it, at least in this biographer's opinion, stems from the fact that in the post-Revolutionary years Mercy and her husband became anti-Federalists, and as Charles A. Beard once remarked, "most of our history was written by Federalists." The Warrens's championship of the "lost cause" of anti-Federalism was to cost Mercy Warren dear in more ways than one. Ever her long and close friendship with John and Abigail Adams seemed destined for a time not to weather their postwar political differences.

One of the many charming episodes

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in this carefully researched and little-known material is the story of the relationship between John Adams and Mercy Otis Warren. Before he became the second President of the United States John Adams was, next to her husband and her brother, Mercy's most devoted male friend. It was he who urged her to write her first published satirical verse, "The Squabble of the Sea Nymphs," on the subject of the Boston Tea Party—a startling suggestion from a man who cautioned his own wife to keep her political opinions to herself and not to meddle in the male world. "History is not the province of the ladies," growled Mr. Adams. Although in his admiration of Mercy he had once offered her the highest possible praise, her "ability for penetrating into men's bosoms," there came a dark day when he sternly turned his face away from the whole Warren family—Mrs. Warren in particular. The Warren brand of "republicanism" had gone too far for him.

Yet in the end Miss Anthony presents us with a delightful scene in which Mr. Adams—now a very old man and presumed to be too sick and depressed, because of his beloved daughter's death, to so much as stir from his Quincy house—is seen betaking himself by gig to Boston, painfully mounting the stairs of the Athenaeum, where one of his wife's nephews was presiding as librarian, and there demanding to see Mercy Warren's political satire, "The Group" —a pamphlet which, in the author's own lifetime, was already being attributed to a male, one Samuel Barrett. Demanding a quill, Mr. Adams certified to his "certain knowledge" that the pamphlet before him "attaches solely to Mrs. M. Warren of Plymouth, whose energies and abilities were exerted by the use of her pen on all occasions and in various shapes in promoting the principles that resulted in the Independence of America." Thus, it was crusty old John Adams who confirmed for all time the truth of this biography's contention: Mercy Otis Warren's efforts on behalf of freedom are worthy of our respectful—if belated—consideration. In her latest book Katharine Anthony has made another valuable contribution to the history of American women.

Enchanted Lifetime

"Ezio Pinza: An Autobiography," with Robert Magidoff *(Rinehart. 307 pp. $4.95), scarcely under way before the romantic basso's death, reveals the vitality that captivated millions. The book is reviewed by operaphile Vincent Sheean, author of "Orpheus at Eighty," a life of Verdi.*

By Vincent Sheean

FOR the two months preceding Ezio Pinza's death he talked to Robert Magidoff on many or most afternoons about the material contained in this book. Mr. Magidoff also spent some hours of each such working day going through records, press cuttings, and the like in Pinza's household at Stamford, Connecticut. Mrs. Pinza contributes a report of the basso's last days. The result is not exactly a full account but it evokes a general notion—like a good poster quickly sketched—of an admired artist. It manages to keep more of the flavor of life and character than is usual with operatic memoirs, partly perhaps because Pinza himself was always so full of both.

His general education was rudimentary and his musical education was confined to his own voice and his own parts in opera; he could never read even vocal music at sight, which vastly increased the amount of hard work he had to do; and yet nobody who saw and heard his Don Giovanni, Figaro, and Boris could doubt that these were fully realized impersonations. It comes as a surprise to learn that he found Don Giovanni "unsympathetic," a symbol of an abstraction rather than a man, and that he greatly preferred Figaro and Boris.

Pinza's life as an artist contains two strongly marked formative periods: one, his three years with Toscanini at the Scala in Milan in the 1920s, and the other, his seasons at Salzburg with Bruno Walter in the Thirties. With Toscanini he sang Italian and German works, including the first, and posthumous, performance of Boïto's "Nerone." With Walter he achieved his memorable heights in the works of Mozart. At the Metropolitan in New York, where he sang about all the leading bass parts and some of the baritone ones for twenty-two years, he was able to retain and perpetuate what he had learned from these two incomparable masters.

The story of his early poverty, his wonderful illiterate father and his hard-working mother, his vigorous childhood (the hesitation between becoming a bicycle racer or a singer, for instance, which is an ultra-Italian dilemma), and his various jobs as railwayman or carpenter, is well told, with a distinct relish in the contrasts. Other Italian singers of great natural endowment have had similar origins and similar handicaps of instruction. The difference is that Pinza did get a somewhat later start than most, and was twenty-six before he set foot on the stage. After a long international career he had a resplendent new life in musical comedy and television; he was actually contemplating a play without music when his heart gave out. This, along with his two marriages, the first a failure and the second ideal, is the gist of his story.

His memory falters at a few points —or perhaps Mr. Magidoff's pen did it. Most of these slips are not especially relevant to the story, and the only one that might cause a heartburn is the statement that Sena Jurinac sang her hundredth Cherubino in 1936. Actually it was twenty years later, at the Edinburgh Festival, and the reason why it caused comment was that this beautiful and talented young singer had been able to achieve so many Mozart appearances in so short a time. The other slips (such as the statement that Chaliapin "created" Boris) are easy enough to understand. Boris dates from 1870, three years before Chaliapin's birth, but it is quite true that to the world at large, and certainly to Pinza, it seemed for decades to be Chaliapin's creation. We need not expect Pinza to be a scholar, particularly after the story he tells us here. He was too busy, too full of life, too completely himself. The merit of this book is that it does convey a good deal of that quality.

—From the book.

Ezio Pinza preferred Boris.

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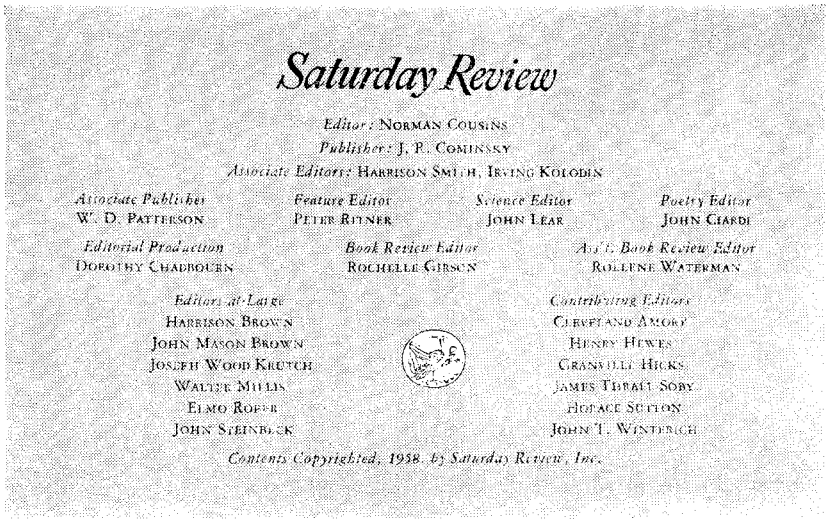

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Earle Reynolds and His Phoenix

IN SEPTEMBER 1957 we received a telephone call at our home from a man who identified himself as Earle Reynolds, an anthropologist. He and his family and crew had just put in at a dock in the Norwalk harbor after an ocean voyage from Hiroshima, Japan. I recalled having read in the newspapers that Dr. Reynolds was the skipper of a tiny Japanese-made two-master and that he had astounded the maritime world by his feat in navigating a small craft so expertly over such a long distance.

Dr. Reynolds's purpose in calling was to inquire whether his three Japanese crewmen, all of whom came from Hiroshima, might visit our home in order to chat with Shigeko, our adopted Japanese daughter, one of the Hiroshima Maidens. We bid them come at once.

For the next two weeks we had frequent visits with Earle Reynolds, his wife Barbara, his twelve-year-old daughter Jessica, and the three young men from Hiroshima. We listened avidly to the account of their adventure in crossing the high seas in a thirty-six-foot vessel; what the daily routine was like; how they rode out heavy storms; the people and places they saw. Both Mrs. Reynolds and her daughter were writing books about their experiences. Earle Reynolds had filled several notebooks with anthropological observations he had made at the remote places they had visited.

It developed that Earle Reynolds, prior to taking sail with the *Phoenix,* had been employed for several years in Japan by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission. He spoke favorably of the work of the AEC in carrying out special studies among the survivors of the atomic bombings in Hiroshima and Nagasaki. His own research was concerned with children who had been exposed to radiation resulting from the nuclear explosions in 1945. After completing his work with the AEC in 1954 he decided to do something he had dreamt about for years: to sail around the world in a small boat, with plenty of time for thinking, writing, and studying the cultures and customs at first hand of peoples in out-of-the-way places as yet unconnected with the great land masses of the world by airplane or steamship. He bought a Japanese ketch of the type used generally for coastal fishing and reconditioned it for ocean-going purposes. It was christened the *Phoenix* or *Bird of Peace* in Japanese. The people of Hiroshima took a personal interest in the ship, which seemed to them symbolically to rise from the ashes of their city. An association of supporters was formed, headed by the Governor of Hiroshima, and the news of their voyage was published prominently in Japan.

For the next three years. Earle Reynolds and his little band made the *Phoenix* their home as they undertook their zig-zag journey around the world. And now they had put in at Norwalk, Connecticut, in order to scrape the bottom and repaint the *Phoenix.* We visited the boat and were astounded by the magic of its internal economy. It was a sort of Utopia in microcosm. It had succeeded in liberating people from the extraneous; the things it carried passed the test of absolute necessity. It was significant, I thought, that the *Phoenix* devoted almost as much room to its little library of books as it did to its kitchen equipment.

Some days later Earle Reynolds, his family, and crew came to the house to say good-bye just before taking off for the remainder of their 50,000-mile journey. We could understand why they had made so many friends in Hiroshima, for they were creative and compassionate people. After they left we would receive letters or postcards from ports-of-call on their way back through the Panama Canal to Japan.

Then one day I picked up the newspaper and saw that Earle Reynolds had been arrested by the United States Government. He had sailed the *Phoenix* into the Pacific nuclear testing zone. His boat had been intercepted by the U. S. Coast Guard more than 4,000 miles off the West Coast of the United States. The *Phoenix* was boarded by two armed men and was directed to sail to Kwajalein. A Navy destroyer escorted the little boat to the naval base. Dr. Reynolds was flown to Honolulu where he was formally charged with violating the rulings of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission. If found guilty, he faced a possible prison sentence of two years and a fine of $5,000.

What happened, I later learned, was that Earle Reynolds and his crew had put in at Honolulu on their way across the Pacific. They became aware of the fact that the skipper of the *Golden Rule,* Commander Bert Bigelow, and his crew were being tried in the Honolulu courts for violating a legal order that forbade them to leave Honolulu on their mission to expose themselves to radioactive fallout from the nuclear test explosions.

DR. and Mrs. Reynolds visited the court and listened carefully as Bert Bigelow, an ex-Navy commander, explained why he and his colleagues felt compelled to bear witness to their convictions. Bert Bigelow made it clear he believed as strongly in the defense of the United States today as he did when he served in the Navy, but he did not believe that setting off nuclear bombs contributed either to the defense of the United States or to our moral position in the world. He condemned the Soviet Union and Great Britain for engaging in nuclear testing, presenting facts concerning the contamination of atmosphere, land, water, milk, and food. He presented evidence from the files of the AEC itself showing that radioactive strontium was already present, in detectable quantities, in the bones of children. He pointed out that all peoples and all lands were being affected, and that none of the countries engaging in nuclear testing had asked or received permission from other

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peoples to put radioactive poisons into the air over their lands.

This was not the only moral issue involved, Commander Bigelow declared. He felt that the United States had the moral responsibility to take world leadership in putting an end to ıe tests. He knew that the Soviet Union was gaining much support throughout the world by posing as the champion of peace; he didn't want the United States to be put in the position of announcing test cessation after the Soviet Union had done it first. He believed that democratic governments existed for the purpose of serving the individual. He was grateful that he did not live in a totalitarian nation, such as the Soviet Union, where individual protest against high government policy was prohibited.

That was why the crew of the *Golden Rule* intended to sail directly into the atomic testing zone, willing to be hit by radioactive fallout in an attempt to prod the consciences of their fellow Americans.

The court listened to Bert Bigelow's statement, then sentenced him and his colleagues to sixty days in jail.

Earle Reynolds and his wife were listening too.

Up to then, they hadn't thought too deeply about the issues involved in nuclear testing. But what Bert Biglow had just said could not be disegarded in any test of sanity and conscience. The power that was now being assembled no longer had any relationship to the legitimate requirements of nations; if used, the result would not be the victory of one nation over another but the pulverization of life and the alteration of the incredibly delicate conditions that make life possible.

That night Earle and Barbara Reynolds made the most important decision of their lives. They would attempt to complete the mission begun by the *Golden Rule*. They would do it as individuals. They would make no dramatic proclamations, they would seek no organizational connections or support. They would take off in their boat and set a direct course for the testing area. One fact loomed large in their thinking. It was that the United States had decided to go far beyond its own territorial limits, marking off an area of 390,000 square miles of ocean area and then forbidding entry. Earle and Barbara Reynolds also felt that the rights of he Marshall Islanders had been set ıside when these people had been evacuated from their homes in the interests of the nuclear tests.

The *Phoenix* lost little time in setting sail for the forbidden area. Eventually they were spotted by a Coast Guard boat and warned to keep clear of the testing zone. The *Phoenix* continued on its course. When it was some sixty-five miles inside the zone, the arrests were made.

When they were back in Honolulu again, the Government moved at once to bring Earle Reynolds to trial. No action was filed against the other members of the group. Dr. Reynolds asked for and received permission to visit the mainland to arrange for legal representation. When he returned to Honolulu, he reported to the court that his attorney would not be able to do all the preparation necessary in time for the scheduled trial, and asked for an extension of time. The request was refused and the date of trial was fixed for August 25.

A local lawyer was retained temporarily to handle the preliminary legal details. Again a request was made, and denied, for a brief time extension. The court saw no reason why this case was more deserving of special handling than any ordinary traffic violation.

Rather than participate in the defense of his client without adequate preparation, Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., of Washington, D.C., instructed Dr. Reynolds to appear at the trial without counsel and again request an appropriate delay.

On August 25 the trial was held as scheduled.

Judge J. Frank McLaughlin listened to Dr. Reynolds's request for postponement on the grounds that he was without counsel, then directed the local attorney who had helped Dr. Reynolds with the early legal details to proceed with the case. The lawyer declined to do so, out of respect for Dr. Reynolds's wishes the judge refused to permit the withdrawal and ordered the case to proceed. This was done without any consultation between lawyer and client concerning the defense or the preparation of witnesses.

Twenty-four hours after the case was called the trial ended. Dr. Reynolds was found guilty. He was not permitted to speak to the court. The sentencing did not take place at that time, pending a request for appeal.

The hearing on this request was held on September 18. Mr. Rauh flew to Honolulu from Washington and represented Dr. Reynolds. Judge McLaughlin refused to recognize Mr. Rauh as Dr. Reynolds's attorney, but permitted him to make the argument as an aide to the local lawyer.

Mr. Rauh questioned the legality of the AEC order closing off hundreds of thousands of miles of open ocean for any purpose. He asserted the right of individual protest in a matter of such profound moral and political significance. He attempted to show that Dr. Reynolds was deprived of effective legal counsel and due process of law.

Judge McLaughlin was unconvinced. He denied the request for a retrial and sentenced Earle Reynolds to six months in jail.

Mr. Rauh has now returned to Washington and intends to bring the case before the Ninth Circuit Federal Court in San Francisco—that is, if the money is forthcoming to enable him to do so. Pending the appeal, Dr. Reynolds's prison sentence has been deferred.

EARLE REYNOLDS has no objection to going to jail for his convictions. But the least that is owing him is a chance to air these convictions openly, and to have a lawyer of his own choosing fully recognized by the court.

Dr. Reynolds and his family and crew have attempted to engage in an act of moral communication with their fellow-citizens. Whether or not he goes to jail, it would mean a great deal to him to know that some people were listening. —N.C.

Nothing

By Barnabas Vail

IF THIS garden is a place for lovers,
I have missed them all.
There was the man with the cart,
And the apple thieves,
And the cobble stones
Dug from their holes
Where the beetles dried.

This only, and a tree
That bloomed
Some far spring ago
Before my time, the gateman said,
But he is an old man
And stooped,
And he thinks he sees lovers walking
Where no lovers go.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COVERING SOCIAL SCIENCES

CONGRATULATIONS on *SR*'s "Frontiers of Learning" (*SR* Sept. 13), especially the article by Robert Lewis Shayon. That you let each writer speak his piece serves to emphasize the fact that there are not just two but many sides to the education controversy. For example, Yale questions the self-completeness of colleges, Butterfield likes it; Laubach deplores competition, Brown commends it. If I had any general criticism, it would be that too many contributions are made by college administrators. Why not devote the next annual issue to the Social Sciences? You couldn't expect to cover everything, of course, but there is an opportunity to make a needed contribution.

WILLIAM CLARK TROW.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

CHANGING TRACKS

IN OUR EFFORT, which was originally unique, to provide a decent education for everyone, our American public schools do seem to have overlooked the fact that the educational tempo necessary for realizing such an ideal does not give any real intellectual stimulus and challenge to the gifted child. There is nothing undemocratic or wrong, I suggest, with a two or three-track system geared to the abilities of gifted students, average students, and slow learners, or those from family backgrounds where education is not highly valued, provided the students could by achievement, or the lack of it, be shifted up or down from one track to the other.

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS.

New York, N. Y.

PERISH THE DAY

THE PUBLIC schools have tender spots, like any fast-growing organization; but does that mean continuing to buy for the little pupils segregation, religious, socio-economic, or snobbery breeding? Or, to bring the public schools to a deadly uniformity, must we have remote control techniques foisted upon them? Perish the day when we purge out what some call frills—modern techniques, swimming lessons, or even playgrounds and school lunches—and replace them with the brainwashing rote-larnin' complete with corporal coercion!

MILDRED LOGAN.

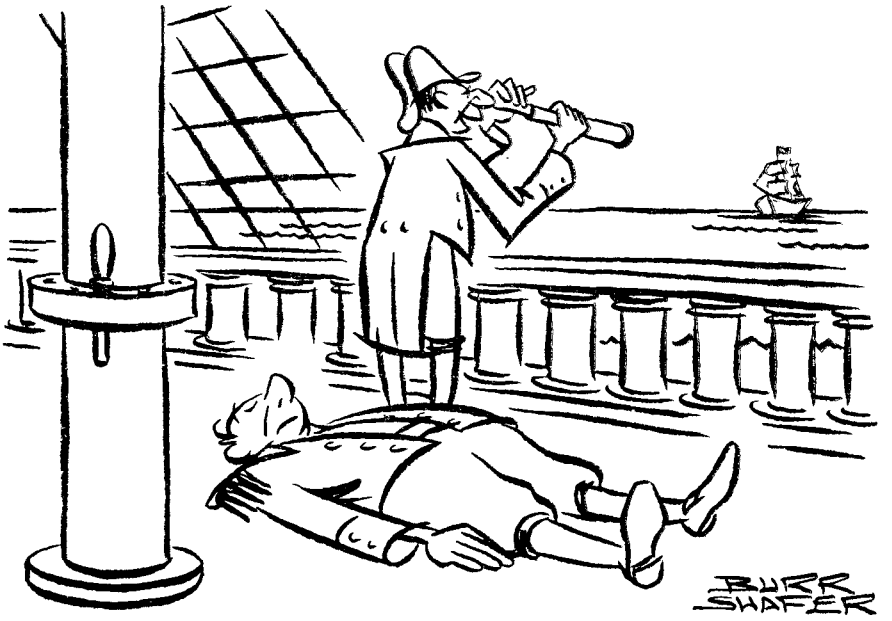
Lemoore, Calif.

MORE THAN THE PARKING PROBLEM

SR HAS GIVEN space to a foreign student, a teacher of English, and a visiting professor to express their views on the American college student. Yet nowhere in its pages is there found the expression of the student's actual feelings about his colleagues. Must Otto Butts's "The Unsilent Generation" serve as the spokesman for 1,500,000 American college students? Is it not possible that the student may have something concrete to offer, that his thoughts are not necessarily on the parking problem as it exists on his campus, but rather about Mankind and the H-bomb, for example?

STEWART KAMPELMACHER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"What a relief! It isn't a skull and crossbones after all, Captain Smith."

MONEY NOT THE ROOT

IF, AFTER his "trip," Shayon has come to the conclusion that "the problem . . . is money," then we can only agree with him that he is certainly no educator.

HERMAN S. WOLK.

Seattle, Wash.

PROPHETS WITHOUT HONOR

WHAT WOULD happen if Jesus were born today in any country in the world? In Russia or China He would be executed for disturbing the *status quo*, and in many others He would be ostracized. I doubt if He would be a recognized leader anywhere. Nowhere in the world have people matured enough to recognize a truly mature person if he lived next door.

C. W. COLLIER.

Summerfield, Fla.

RETIRED MARTYR

MY FAITH in Gordon Harrison as a historian is a little shaken by his review in *SR* Aug. 23: "Ever since Lieutenant General James M. Gavin . . . resigned his commission last January, ostensibly as a martyr . . ." If I understand the situation correctly, General Gavin *retired* from the Army with a *retired* salary of approximately $10,000 per annum. If this is "ostensible martyrdom" I am sure that many of your readers envy him.

ROLAND W. PINGEN.

Berkeley, Cal.

SAD AND WISE

RE *SR*'s COVER of Sept. 13:

I'm tired of being inspected by the
stares so sad and wise
Of T. S. Eliot's anxious aged
Presbyterian eyes.

EUGENE DOW.

Los Angeles, Cal.

HUMBLE MARXISTS

I LIKE TO THINK that the appearance of "Myth of the Fourth Horseman" (*SR* Sept. 20) was one giant typographical error. The piece had enough tortured reasoning and *non sequiturs* to make the most adept Marxist historian feel humble.

EDWARD GRIMM.

New York, N. Y.

NON PLURAL

WILL YOU PLEASE tell Mr. Herbert Hoover, and Marie Therese Nichols also, that the last book of the Bible is "Revelation," not "Revelations"?

CONSTANCE GARRETT.

Bernardsville, N. J.

THE VILLAIN EMPIRE

THE FIRST horseman was Empire. St. John's Jewish background would have imbued him with a hatred of empire. And Egypt, Assyria, Alexandrian Greece, and Rome brought to the Jewish world—the first horseman presumably rode ahead—War, Famine, and Death.

EDWIN WOLF II.

Wyncote, Pa.

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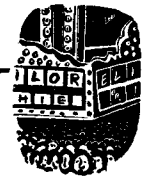

Orientals

IT'S SELDOM possible, these days, to judge a movie by its title. For instance, **"The Barbarian and the Geisha"** is not a story of opulent melodrama in the Orient, in which John Wayne as a marauding Tartar chieftain encounters a broken blossom and saves her from several fates worse than death, as the title might lead one to imagine—but is instead a relatively quiet study of a few incidents in the career of our first consul-general to Japan, Townsend Harris. These incidents concern his stay in Japan, during which he opened up diplomatic relations between that country and our own. How much is apocryphal about his burning up most of a Japanese village to stay the spread of a cholera epidemic, and his tender romance with a geisha, I have no way of knowing, since I've never made a special study of the man's career.

The movie doesn't help to give him much foundation, either. We first meet him, as impersonated by John Wayne, coming ashore from a U.S. frigate, an almost helplessly alone invader, and accompanied merely by an elderly interpreter, Sam Jaffe. Luckily, the governor of the province, Tamura, speaks rather good English, evidently having foreseen that, soon enough, he would have to deal with representatives of the Western powers. Therefore, in English he tells Mr. Harris to get out of the country and stay out. From there on in Mr. Wayne is a stalwart representative of our government and its policy. He refuses to budge, eventually gets to see the Shogun, presents him with a telescope and a few bottles of bourbon, and relations are well on their way to being established.

Unexciting stuff? Not in the least. This happens to be an unusually beautiful film, directed with spirit and remarkable taste by one John Huston who, absolutely undaunted by some uninspiring material, has gone on to make the best movie yet filmed by Hollywood forces in the Orient. In fact, the lustre of "Sayonara" dims considerably when it is compared with the marvelously enameled surface of "The Barbarian and the Geisha." Charles Clarke's photography is certainly as subtly modulated in its color effects as that of "Gate of Hell" and other Japanese color films. And Mr. Huston has found several happy inspirations for keeping things moving, and the eye well satisfied.

One of the most satisfactory of these treats to the eye is Eiko Ando, a lovely Japanese actress who plays the geisha sent to minister to the comforts of the consul-general, as well as to spy on his barbaric and suspicious activities. Naturally she falls in love with him, and Miss Eiko is a good deal more convincing in her tender moments than Mr. Wayne is in his. Wayne is better when standing imperturbably in front of the mouth of a cannon about to fire on an approaching American vessel, and when dealing with a couple of comic Japanese ruffians evidently tossed in by Huston to provide comic relief. The Japanese actors with which Huston has rounded out his cast are all first-rate, and those who follow the Japanese film with some devotion will recognize many of the faces. Again, unlike "Sayonara," Huston has not chosen to show us the several wonders of Japan, halting the action meanwhile, but has instead blended his story into his background, so that a kind of handsome, colorful pageant unfolds before us. One might even go so far as to say that Mr. Huston has made for us a Japanese movie.

* * *

The British, too, have journeyed to the Orient, or what occasionally looks like it, but **"Windom's Way,"** the result, has not turned out to be quite so felicitous. The story flounders around between the struggle of Peter Finch, English surgeon, to minister to the natives of a place that may be meant to be Indonesia and a rather unclear rebellion by the natives, who seem to want to join the Communists. Since I was always rather in the dark about just what was happening, where, and why, I couldn't work up any essential sympathy for the several problem-people, not even for the beauteous Mary Ure, who arrives on the scene as the spoiled doctor's wife, now ready to help him sacrifice himself for humanity. Ronald Neame directed with something less than his usual clarity. At the end, the natives are all embroiled in some kind of social and political revolution, and the doctor is waiting for the atmosphere to clear so that he may dedicate himself once more to saving lives and improving conditions. The story was adapted from James Ramsey Ullman's novel of the same title.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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(Signed) J. R. COMINSKY, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1958, Nathan Cohn, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1960.)

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Genius of Chaillot

PARIS, FRANCE.

WHEN, on the evening of October 14, Gérard Philippe walks onto the stage of New York's Broadway Theatre, impresario Sol Hurok will have accomplished what sports fans call "the hat trick." For the Theatre National Populaire, of which M. Philippe is a member, is the third of France's three world-famous repertory companies to reach Broadway under the Hurok banner in the last five years. As with the other two, the Madeleine Renaud-Jean-Louis Barrault Compagnie and the Comedie Francaise, this importation is made possible because the scenic equipment, costumes, orchestrations, and rehearsals have already been paid for, and because the French Government is paying transportation costs from France. Even with these advantages, the shortness of the engagements and the heavy expenses of changing from one show to another make the whole project a labor of love rather than one of much profit for Mr. Hurok.

Esthetically, the TNP differs from the other two groups in its approach to the French classic and romantic plays. As the name implies, the TNP is a people's theatre. It has as its fundamental function the purveyance of the highest type of theatre to largely unsophisticated audiences. To begin with, the TNP plays to huge crowds of 3,000 or so. Therefore, the actors must be as visible as possible at long distances. This has been accomplished by eliminating the painted backgrounds which might compete with the actor for audience attention.

Then, because the TNP's two most famous performers, M. Philippe and Maria Casares, are often absent from the company on film commitments, the TNP has concentrated on the power of the plays themselves rather than depending on individual stellar performances. It has also added music specially composed by Maurice Jarre, who conducts his own score at each performance, reinforcing the dramatic progress of the play. Finally, the TNP mounts its productions on an open stage of a shape similar to the one Jo Mielziner designed for his projected Q theatre. This tends to push the action out among the spectators and dictates that the plays be larger than life rather than naturalistic drawing-room pieces.

There is an irony in this. For, although the TNP doesn't employ painted scenery, it does complicate its moving problem by using heavy platforms and large stage objects. Thus, where Jean-Louis Barrault was able to work out a scheme with Air France cargo engineers whereby all his scenery could be packed into one of their large planes, the TNP actors can fly here by Air France, but their platforms must travel separately by boat.

The guiding genius of the TNP is forty-six-year-old director, and leading actor, Jean Vilar. When interviewed in his small Paris apartment overlooking the Palais de Chaillot (TNP's Paris home), he seemed less stormy and less sure of his omniscience than he did in his book "De la Tradition Théâtrale." In that book, which defends the anti-naturalistic principles of the TNP, there appears an article titled "The Arsenic Is In the Coca-Cola." It is a devastating attack on the American theatre and the American motion picture industry. It says, "In the United States everything or nearly everything is treated on the stage by the pseudo dramatic virtues of arsenic, or gunfire, or Coca-Cola, or the uppercut. They are frightened of long speeches or even of words. They stick to a crude

Maria Casares—world's greatest actress?

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naturalistic dialogue of the sort a stenographer could take down. They avoid the awakening of conscience within the character. And I believe there is no stage character where there *is* no awakening of conscience. Now, the theatre is a church where emotion is sovereign. The emotional contact between the stage character and the audience should be permanent. Such impact is not the result of true-to-life naturalness of dialogue. In the theatre, this emotional contact comes from melody, from intonation, from rhythm. The modern playwright does not abandon without risk the means used by Aeschylus and Shakespeare and the other great poetic dramatists of the past."

M. Vilar hopes that American playwrights will not consider this a specific attack. He says, "I wrote that ten years ago, when I felt depressed about the naturalistic trend in the theatre of all countries. I have and always have had a great respect for American novelists like Dos Passos, Faulkner, and Hemingway who have had so much influence on the best novelists here in France. But, on the other hand, I cannot prevent myself from thinking that American playwrights have had no essential influence on our best dramatists. At least not on Claudel, Giraudoux, Camus, or Sartre."

M. Vilar is personally very fond of "Our Town" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." He would like to add the latter to the TNP repertoire, but he doesn't feel that he himself has sufficient size as an actor to play the leading role. As for the plays he is bringing to New York, they are five of the seven most popular plays in the French portion of the TNP repertoire.

"THE Cid" (see cover) is Corneille's seventeenth-century masterpiece, featuring Gérard Philippe as Roderigue. "When Jean Vilar first asked me to play the role, I burst out laughing," says the modest young star. "You see, at the Conservatoire I had got into the habit of making a distinction between ordinary acting and tragic acting. I thought there were two ways of playing, that there was a special tragic manner where the gestures were unnatural and where the actors indulged themselves in an orgy of rhythm." But the patient M. Vilar kept persuading the impatient M. Philippe until he agreed to give it a try at the TNP's summer headquarters in Avignon. The result was the most highly acclaimed Roderigue of our time.

"I think perhaps it was because we did it in such a hurry," says M. Philippe. "I didn't have time to notice that I was about to act Corneille. And all those stanzas, which I never thought I could say, can be very effective if the actor really grapples with them."

M. Philippe will also be seen here in "Lorenzaccio," Musset's romantic play about a man who attempted to get rid of evil by evil means.

The TNP's third and fourth plays, Hugo's "Marie Tudor" and Marivaux's "Le Triomphe de L'Amour," will give Americans their first opportunity to see Maria Casares, whom some European critics regard as the world's greatest living actress. Mlle. Casares, who met me after a rehearsal wearing an old trench-coat, is as far removed from the "great lady of the theatre" as you can get. In casual conversation she is vital, mischievous, and quick to laugh. "I like to act with the TNP," she says, "because Jean Vilar understands that I frequently need to go away for awhile. I guess I'm an anarchist. I don't like to be tied to anything."

The fifth play in the New York program is Moliere's "Don Juan," with M. Vilar as the blasphemous lover and Daniel Sorano as his servant, Sganarelle. M. Vilar's approach to Moliere's play has been highly praised. One French critic wrote, "It is impossible today to imagine any other Don Juan than this. It is impossible to feel again in the theatre an emotion any stronger or more profound."

The responsibilities of managing the government-subsidized company, directing most of its plays, and acting too are heavy, but M. Vilar and the TNP have kept spirit and enthusiasm in their work because they feel they have a mission to perform: to decentralize the theatre in their country, to seek out the fresh air of new audiences. (The TNP's notion of the ideal spectator is one who goes to the theatre no more than three times a year.) Playing each night in different auditoriums, to people for whom their visit is an event rather than a diversion, they must stay on the *qui vive*. For Jean Vilar, this constant challenge from the public gives the TNP its direction. He believes that great theatre reveals the truth of ourselves to ourselves, and that we do not need an exceptional intelligence to see this truth. He never underestimates the natural genius of his spectators, and he never coddles them. Even when the TNP is being hilarious, it is concerned with the truth. For the audience without knowing it has been made an accomplice to the uniting of illusion and reality. Or, as M. Vilar puts it, "The truth is both our poison and our remedy."

—HENRY HEWES.

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TV AND RADIO

Chicago's Local TV Corpse

IF I WERE an FCC commissioner when Chicago's Channel 2 and Channel 5 next came up for license renewal, I would have some pretty sharp questions to ask about Kup and Ut. Irv Kupcinet is the Midwest's (*Chicago Sun-Time's*) No. 1 Samuel Pepys; and Clifton Utley has long been one of the lake area's most respected news-analysts. The two popular Chicago TV personalities have recently been relieved of their regular night-time shows locally—Kupcinet on CBS (WBBM) and Utley on NBC (WNBQ). "Licensees," I would say to the television chains (for both stations are company-owned and operated), "are expected (*FCC Mimeograph NO 79574, December 20, 1944*) to foster the development of local programs."

"This expectation," I would say further, specifically to NBC, "has been concurred in by you (*Request to Amend Chain Broadcasting Regulation 3.104, October 9, 1944*) when you stated: 'To interfere with local program schedules of many years' standing would deprive our stations of their full opportunity to render a desirable local service'."

I will not guess what NBC would reply in my hypothetical situation, but a spokesman for WNBQ, in Chicago, recently, blamed it on the successor to the Steve Allen show, "Tonight." "We were in fourth position in a four-station market," he told me, "with Utley and two other local personalities, from 10:15 to 10:30 p.m. The new network show begins at 10:15 Chicago time. We were joining it fifteen minutes late, in order to keep our local line-up. When we picked up the net at 10:30, we found that our rating doubled. From fourth we came up to second place. We had orders from New York to put the station on top in the 10:15 period. The network show is the best we have at hand."

This spokesman for WNBQ is a member of the newly-formed Chicago chapter of the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences. Ironically, the chapter was inaugurated the very week of the local TV vivisection with an industry-wide dinner and a Chicago star-studded program hosted by Ed Sullivan who came from that "live" town, New York, especially for the occasion. Kupcinet is president of the new chapter. He told me that the organization's objectives are to promote enthusiasm for and to inspire Chicago television. The WNBQ spokesman wistfully agreed with the columnist; he, too, was all for local talent; he would "love to see" a rebirth of the entombed "Chicago school of TV," but "our business is appealing to audiences." "Garroway sitting on a ladder, in the young days, was informal, fresh. Now Como sits on a stool every Saturday, and it's old hat. Anyway," he continued, "the Chicago school died four years ago. The personalities drifted away; and TV goes where the stars go. Even New York is having a tough time keeping Steve Allen east, so why look to Chicago to carry the local torch?"

The Chicago performers are rather whimsical in their combined resignation and aspiration. "It's *their* property," said Clifton Utley in a telephone interview, referring to WNBQ's airtime. Kupcinet agreed the cancellations were "a terrific blow to local TV; but we can't dictate policy. It's not *our* business." A leading Chicago television actress forthrightly pointed out that local talent had to accept the situation with good grace. "We depend on the stations for our bread and butter. There are too many of us unemployed."

Asked how Chicago's new TV Academy chapter proposed to re-vitalize the town's local television fortunes, President Kupcinet said he wasn't kidding himself about the difficulty. Plans were on foot, however, to experiment with a weekly half-hour TV program in which Chicago writers, performers, and directors would test new ideas. "On NBC or CBS?" I asked. "On WTTV, Channel 11," Kup replied. WTTV is Chicago's non-commercial, educational station.

WBBM is moving movies into the spot vacated by Kup and his CBS colleagues: it's the station's best bet to beat NBC. Thus, Hollywood and New York stand face-to-face astride Chicago's local television corpse. The time is not option. It is near the witching hour, traditionally reserved for the inexpensive oozing—throughout the length and breadth of the land—of community service and local, grassroots flavor—that wonderful, variegated elixir and spectrum of American life. Senator John W. Bricker (R-Chio) has long maintained that networks should be classified as common carriers, comparable to railroads, and that, as such, they should be required to maintain unprofitable routes so that all the people may be served. Network operation is admittedly expensive, and the fruits are often undeniable. But unless the chains take more seriously their responsibilities in serving local communities, they may be hastening the day when the dreaded Bricker thesis will come home to roost—self-imposed.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Great Spirit Is Near

THE first easy converts in the forestlands of Virginia's Shenandoah National Park had turned to red and yellow last week, but for travelers who skimmed along the Skyline Drive, the mountain highway that runs the ridgeline of the park for 109 lofty miles, the view was vast and green. At places the park was only three miles wide, and the bumping Blue Ridge Mountains, covered with oaks, hickories, and walnuts, fell away quickly to the flat Shenandoah Valley. Some 2,000 feet below, depending on where you stood on Skyline Drive, the valley floor was a great patchwork of farmland, green and brown, and the towns, Luray, Stanley, Shenandoah, Elkton, and Montevideo, twinkled on the plain when the sun fell. Beyond them was the strange ring of mountains called the Massanutten, standing all alone on the valley floor. And inside the Massanutten walls was another valley that was used to great advantage by Stonewall Jackson, whose ghost troops made their strikes and then disappeared—into the Fort Valley of the Massanutten.

Camping in the park is a popular pastime, especially with government people who flee the D. C. jungle only two hours away for the upholstered primal attractions of Shenandoah Park. They come and camp even in winter. Mountain trout run the brooks and you can fish for them with a state license, as long as you agree to use artificial bait. There is, to be sure, no hunting, since the Park Service hews to the law of nature which, as one ranger explained, means "we let the bird eat the worm and the bobcat eat the bird." Who gets the bobcat is anybody's guess. In the old days it was doubtless the mountain people who lived in the Blue Ridge mountainlands that became the park. They made a meager marginal life by gathering chestnuts, growing apples and, if life looked dark, there was always a still that spouted a bit of moon, and moon cast a friendly glow. But then came the chestnut blight, the revenooers who knocked out the stills, and the Park rangers who came to resettle the mountain people outside the park. The apples still grow and people can come in and pick the fruit, as well as nuts and berries, as long as they have a park permit. The Shenandoah Community Workers now teach the resettled people the comparative glories of mountain crafts over mountain dew, and some have turned from bourbon to baskets, which they weave and sell to the souvenir shops.

The drive rises nearest the sky at Skyland Lodge, where the rooms are perched at 3,680 feet and rim the slopes looking down into the Shenandoah Valley. At night the lights of Luray come on like a strung-out necklace, and in the morning the whole misty valley with its blueish haze is unveiled, with Massanutten sitting there, smoking with memories of Jackson's raiders. But long before that, in 1669 Governor Berkeley of Virginia commissioned one John Lederer to explore the Virginia lands west of the Tidewater. When his Indian scouts gazed on the Blue Ridge they are reputed to have fallen on their knees and said "Okee Paeze," or "The Great Spirit is near." Daniel Boone marched up the valley, and so did Governor Thomas Jefferson, who was being pursued by the king's soldiers. Some of the soldiers, later taken prisoner, were incarcerated here. Lincoln's father was born in the valley and so was Sam Houston and Woodrow Wilson, and Lee led his army up the flatlands on the way to Gettysburg.

There were bison and elk once upon a time, and one park site is still called Elk Wallow. But the big game is limited now to bears, deer, some weasels, raccoons, and an item known as the short-tailed shrew. There are copperheads and rattlers, I must report, but like the majority of tourists they appear mostly in the summer.

While getting next to nature one can settle in the camp grounds alongside charcoal stoves, hot showers, and tiled toilets, but the nesting is more snug in Skyland Lodge or Big Meadow Lodge, which charge anywhere from $8 to $12 a night, offer dining rooms with a view of the valley and the Massanutten Mountains, and days that begin with brown buckwheat cakes served with maroon puddles of wild blackberry syrup, pork chops, corn beef hash and salt mackerel, lunches of thin old Virginia Corn cakes topped with broiled oysters and thin slices of Virginia ham.

Down in the valley, at Luray, the Luray Caverns offer an underground amble through the forest of the stalagmites and the overhanging stalactites, a trip that has been a popular excursion since before the turn of the century. In the old days it cost $1 to see the cave by candlelight, $2 by electric light, but you had to have five in your party. Nowadays it is a flat $1.80 and it's electric all the way. Doubtless the most amazing attraction at Luray is its stalacpipe organ, which is only a few years old and is electrically operated. When the organist hits a key an electric impulse fires a hammer which strikes a stalactite. Being hollow, the stalactite rings. Some thirty-nine stalactites have been brought into pitch and the ruddy contraption actually plays, with the hammers banging out the tunes on stalactites spread over three acres. Probably

—Holsinger Studio.

Inside Monticello—the cannonball clock, antlers from Lewis and Clark, and words about whiskey.

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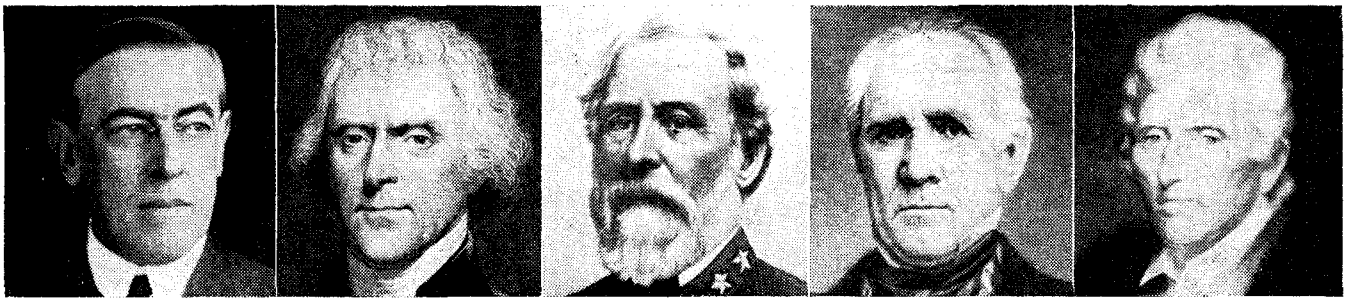

Across the valley and into the histories—Wilson, Jefferson, Lee, Houston, and Boone.

it's the largest musical instrument in the world. When there is no organist handy it will also play automatically, taking its notes from a plastic roller punched with holes.

THE caves were discovered one summer's day in 1878 when two local types, prospecting for a cavern, took the top off a sink hole and felt the rush of cool air. The caves were opened to the public that October, and since the air has never ceased being cool, a by-product to the public admissions has been a natural air-conditioning system in the owner's house, the air being piped up from the caverns. It is advertised as the first air-conditioned home in the world. The section of the cave from which the cool air is being tapped is sealed off from the rest of the underground chambers at the risk of drawing in hot air from the surface and causing a fog.

The tour through the strange formations follows a figure eight, and it takes a guide one hour and fifteen minutes to convey a group along the prescribed tour. At that they only take in one quarter of the known sections of Luray. A stop is made en route where the guide will switch on 21,000 watts of floodlights so photographers can work. Upstairs there is a store which sells some $200,000 worth of trinkets a year, including cave onyx jewelry, souvenir plates made by Staffordshire in England, hand-painted dishes from Germany, and aluminum trays from Japan, all of them covered with cave scenes. One hundred dozen of the metal trays will be sold this year. Japan also exports to Luray, and to many another tourist souvenir shop, T-shirts for juveniles embossed with the picture of a skunk and the legend "I'm a Little Stinker." Up in Shenandoah Park one trading-post carries Japan-made totem poles.

The souvenirs were nothing if not more thought-provoking at my next stop, the gates of Monticello, Jefferson's home in Charlottesville. Aside from the sweet-smelling soaps and the letter-openers there was a wide assortment of books and pamphlets on Jefferson as well as folders reprinting some of his best-known letters. Journeying along the canal of Languedoc, Jefferson wrote this note on travel: "I dismounted my carriage from its wheels, placed it on the deck of a light bark, and was thus towed on the canal instead of the post road. . . . I hired a bark to myself by the day, & have made from 20. to 35 miles a day, according to circumstances, always sleeping ashore. of all the methods of travelling I have ever tried this is the pleasantest. I walk the greater part of the way along the banks of the canal, level & lined with a double row of trees which furnish shade, when fatigued I take seat in my carriage where, as much at ease as if in my study, I read, write, or observe. my carriage being of glass all around, admits a full view of all the varying scenes thro' which I am shifted, olives, figs, mulberries, vines, corn & pasture, villages & farms. . . ."

By far the most popular of Jefferson's letters is the one on female dress which he addressed to his eleven-year-old daughter. "Some ladies," he wrote "think they may under the privileges of the dishabille be loose and negligent of their dress in the morning. but be you from the moment you arise till you go to bed as cleanly and as properly dressed as at the hours of dinner or tea . . . nothing is so disgusting to our sex as a want of cleanliness and delicacy in yours."

Answering a doctor's questionnaire about his physical habits in 1819, Jefferson wrote, "I have lived temperately, eating little animal food, & that, not as an ailment so much as a condiment for the vegetables, which constitute my principal diet. I double, however the doctor's glass and a half of wine, and even treble it with a friend; but halve its effect by drinking the weak wines only. the ardent wines I cannot drink . . . I have been blest with organs of digestion which accept and concoct, without ever murmuring whatever the palate chuses to consign them and I have not yet lost a tooth by age." Jefferson died seven years later at the age of eighty-three. The very same day, July 4, 1826, John Adams died too, just fifty years after both had signed the Declaration of Independence. Monroe, whose home can be seen from Monticello, died on July 4, five years later.

SOME 200,000 people each paid a dollar to tour Monticello last year, trudging across the threshold to see the seven-day clock, that works with cannonball weights, the antlers over the door brought back by Lewis and Clark, the first swivel chair in America, which reposes in Jefferson's sitting room, the polygraph for making copies of letters, the dumbwaiter that brought up the wine bottles, the telescope trained to see the progress on the University of Virginia, his gold toothpick, and his flask for attar of roses. On his beer cellar are the immortal words, "I wish to see this brew become common instead of the whiskey which kills one third of our citizens." But there are more sober words too, many of them contained in Theodore Kuper's pamphlet on Jefferson dispensed by kindly, gray-haired Southern ladies at the gatehouse, notably his Five Bills of Freedom introduced to the Virginia Legislature after he returned from writing the Declaration of Independence. The third bill was to free the body and the fourth was to free the mind by establishing a statewide system of free public schools. There is a sketch of Jefferson and under it the words "Champion of Human Rights, Freedom, Equality, and Education." And a full page repeats his statement, "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of men."

I reflected at length about Monticello as I got in the car and drove down the hill into Charlottesville. As we passed the locked high schools I absently picked up the Richmond paper and wondered about the war in China which, in view of the magnitude of the local issue, barely rose above the newspaper's front-page fold.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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FICTION

Magic and Murder by Moonlight

"The Girl Beneath the Lion," by André Pieyre de Mandiargues, *and* ***"The Voyeur," by Alain Robbe-Grillet*** *(both translated by Richard Howard; Grove, hardbound: $3.50 each. Evergreen, paper. $1.45 and $1.75), are both French novels, set in lush island surroundings, that tell of strange acts of love and violence.* SR's *reviewer is Germaine Brée, chairman of New York University's Department of Romance Languages and the co-author of "The Age of Fiction."*

By Germaine Brée

ONE day, as the sun pours down upon the Sardinian beach of Orosei, Vanina, a young and beautiful Italian aristocrat, meets the gaze of a dark, silent, and handsome stranger. Willingly, in a night of physical ecstasy and pain, and in accord with a careful ritual imposed by her and observed in every detail, she surrenders her virginity. In this short novel, written in 1956, Pieyre de Mandiargues, abandoning the somewhat monstrous, surrealistic dream worlds he likes to imagine, has written a love story both delicate and sensuous, precise and yet, in its erotic suggestiveness, magically poetic. For Vanina's lover might well be the great Pan himself, or, again, might not the privileged and beautiful human couple be moving in harmony with the great signs of the zodiac as the sun moves from the Lion toward the Virgin? The original title was "Sea Lilies," the sea lilies described in the first pages, the sea lilies that clothe Vanina when her lover gazes at her silently in the moonlight. Sophisticated, precious in its apparent simplicity, the story of Vanina is a voluptuous midsummer's dream born of the Mediterranean sea and sun, the odor of the sea lilies, of the eucalyptus and the pine, born also of the age-old legends still dimly alive in the memories of the Sardinian fisherfolk. It is a welcome change from the drab enumeration of sexual promiscuities which seems to have enjoyed such a tiresome vogue.

It is curious to see some of the same legendary themes reappear in Robbe-Grillet's book: the isolated island setting, a fitting décor for the violent and erotic legend of the virgin sacrificed to the mysterious lover from the sea, bound and abandoned, her hands tied behind her back.

To an unnamed island—the island of his birth—Mathias, an unsuccessful traveling salesman, comes one Tuesday from the mainland in order to sell watches. He misses the boat and can return to the mainland only two days later, having sold but a small fraction of his wares. In the meantime, on that Tuesday, Jackie, a thirteen-year-old shepherdess, is found drowned, her body already mutilated by the spider crabs which constitute the main but failing source of revenue of the island fishermen. The link between the two events is in the dark suggestion of a sadistic and ritual rape and murder, and brings us to the heart of the novel.

Robbe-Grillet is a writer with a theory of the novel and a new approach to the craft of storytelling, the most interesting perhaps of a small group of French novelists who are attempting to open up new paths for fiction. Robbe-Grillet's method is, in one sense, drastic. Psychological analysis and the conventional time-space patterns which in spite of Proust, Joyce, *et al.* persist in fiction are eliminated from his novels. We see and hear as Mathias sees and hears; but actions, words, and gestures, his own and those of others, fall into obsessional image patterns: memory, imagination, dream, situations lived, things seen, sounds heard, the past and the present, the real and the unreal all merge; yet each object, each human being, each gesture is described with an almost frightening exactitude. Slowly the reader becomes aware that he himself is moving toward the dark recesses of an experience which gives the pattern meaning: a paranoiac obsession with rape, a precise and horrifying form of rape at that. But, and this is the final twist, did Mathias dream the rape or imagine it? Did he commit it? If so, when? Or did he merely run over a toad along a dusty path? Are the girl-sea gull and the male-spider crab age-old images tucked away in some dark corner of his mind? And who is "The Voyeur"? The strange, small boy, the witness, perhaps the child Mathias himself, who appears toward the end of the tale? Or Mathias, through whose mind the whole sequence of images moves? Or perhaps the author, who so compellingly isolates apparently innocent objects: the string, the cigarette ends, the sea gull, the newspaper clipping, the rusty iron rings, the figure 8, to draw from them so profoundly violent and disturbing a tale? Mathias's adventure is accompanied by a deeply erotic description of the sea, though we are far from Freudian symbolism. The obsession is given through the recurrence of a certain pattern, in essence mythical, inevitably abstracted and isolated from the surface image of the things themselves, and which slowly absorbs all the diverse elements of the tale.

André Pieyre de Mandiargues—delicate, sensuous love.

Powerful though it is, Robbe-Grillet's novel is somewhat limited and extremely self-conscious. It may or may not have the philosophical implications sometimes claimed, but it offers the reader first the shock of a new experience when he slowly becomes aware of the dangerous road he is traveling as Mathias's obsessions become his own, then the pleasure of piecing together the story.

Translator Richard Howard has preserved what seems to be the chief tool of both writers, a highly individual combination of rhythm and image.

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The Yabyum Set

"The Dharma Bums," by Jack Kerouac *(Viking. 244 pp. $3.95), relates the adventures of a peripatetic "Beatnik" whose interests include the practice of Zen Buddhism. William Bittner, our reviewer, is a critic of contemporary fiction.*

By William Bittner

WHEN Jack Kerouac hit the best-seller list with "On the Road," rumor had it there were a half dozen more books he had written since his school-boy venture, "The Town and the City." Rumor appears to be right, and Kerouac seems determined to publish them all, at six-month intervals. That gives us about three more years until we get to see what he is capable of producing today.

The latest manuscript out of the Kerouac bottom drawer is called "The Dharma Bums." It is a mild cross between the sloppiness of "On the Road" and the intensity of "The Subterraneans." Heaven knows (and so do all the readers) that "On the Road" came to the press hardly revised. It was obviously two narratives thrown together, and the seam was raggedly clear at the point where Christmas, 1948, was immediately followed by the celebration of the new year—1948—to which the wild men drove in a 1949 car. An old used one.

"The Dharma Bums" is as badly organized, but the writing is more effective. The narrator engages in an irrelevant trip back and forth across the continent, but aside from that and some absurd jargon that is supposed to be Buddhism, the book offers a refreshing view of how to be a Thoreau in the second half of the twentieth century. For the first time in a Kerouac novel the narrator (obviously the author himself) seems to be outgrowing his Bohemian friends.

Nevertheless, he is sufficiently awed by their real-life equivalents to insert a good bit of *roman à clef* shilly-shallying. The reader is distracted, in one scene describing a San Francisco party, by the puzzle of which of the characters, dragged in just for the purpose, is Rexroth, and which is Ginsberg. Most first novels are autobiographical, but must we sit through seven?

Fuddy-duddy critics will find new immoral details upon which to center their lack of understanding. The petty thievery that polluted "On the Road" is utterly missing. No one smokes pot. More wine than whiskey is consumed, and what is, is drunk in moderation. The characters take off their clothes rather often, but very chastely, and their only sexual activity is a quasi-Zen activity known as "yabyum."

I doubt, however, if anyone will find "The Dharma Bums" fully satisfactory. By now, Kerouac is mature and, if he tried, he could be a major talent. But so long as he continues to leave his waste paper basket virgin, the muddle of maturity with adolescent blithering will continue in his work, and he will end up as forgotten as Thomas Holley Chivers.

By the quirk of being newsworthy, the West Coast writers have made a gold strike as rich as that at Sutter's mills. Many more talented Easterners have not got even as far as having lunch with a junior editor of a minor publishing house. But with power goes responsibility, and so long as the Californians continue to offer only the material they stashed away, after innumerable rejection slips, in 1952, I, for one, shall continue to consider every one of them as a flash in the pan.

SOLACE AND SEA WITCHES: Thank heaven, in this time of nuclear submarines and ballistic missiles, we still have Robert Nathan. Put aside all fears and suspend ordinary beliefs. His is a world of fantasy where the only truth is that which the heart knows.

"So Love Returns" (Knopf, $3.50) is a gentle story of the loss of love and its eventual return. Lenny, who is still mourning the death of his wife, Trina, is a writer of children's books, a spinner of fairy tales. He and his two children, Trisha and Chris, inhabit a lonely world by the sea in a small house where "lunch is a peanut butter sandwich and a glass of milk." If these three don't get enough vitamins, they are nourished by the vitamin of love.

Lenny is writing a children's book about a sea witch. But he is stymied; the loss of Trina has stilled his pen. One day while Chris is out swimming in dangerous waters, a young woman with sea-green eyes and hair the color of sea drift swims out from a wave to rescue him. And so Kathleen, who in manner and speech resembles the dead Trina, enters Lenny's life. Love is instant between them. But Kathleen is an other-worldly creature, as mysterious as the sea from which she came, and to which in the end she returns. For Kathleen, you see, is one of the Sendings, "Beings who are sent to the Beloved to take the place of one gone from his side. But being not of Mortal Flesh, for them to love as a mortal is forbidden; and such taking place, they must find themselves recalled into the element from which they came." After she leaves, Lenny is inconsolable, but the sense of her presence is still with him. And, in an exciting climax, it is her voice that rouses him from sleep to save himself and the children from imminent disaster. So love returns, to love.

It is a melancholy, charming tale that only Mr. Nathan could write.

—LINDA BRANDI.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SHAKESPEARE'S DREAMERS

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to name the dreamers of the ten dreams in Shakespeare's plays briefly described below. Wake up and live on page 43.

1. In this man's dream, the mother of the infant for whom he has been appointed the "thrower-out" tells him what to name the baby.
2. This innocent man dreams that he feasts with Caesar and is murdered the next day.
3. He dreams the clouds "open and show riches ready to drop" upon him, and when he wakes he cries to dream again.
4. This dethroned queen dreams of six dancers, dressed in white robes, passing garlands of bays to one another.
5. Every night he dreams that he and his foe have each other by the throat and always awakens "half dead with nothing."
6. This girl dreams a serpent eats her heart away while her sweetheart watches and smiles.
7. He thinks his daughter's elopement is not unlike his dream.
8. This duchess dreams she is sitting in the coronation chair at Westminster Abbey while the king and queen kneel to her and put the crown on her head.
9. Imprisoned in the Tower of London, he dreams he is drowning and sees "a thousand fearful wracks."
10. In his dream his bride finds him dead and, when she revives him with kisses, he is an emperor.

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The Epic of a Place

William Carlos Williams, M.D. of Paterson and Rutherford, N.J., is a novelist, historian, translator, short-story writer, essayist, and, above all, a poet. First recognized as one of the early Imagists, he has continued as one of the shapers of American poetry for nearly a half-century. His single-minded aim throughout his career has been to make American poetry American rather than literary. "No ideas but in things," has been his cry. Let in the fact of experience as it happens, without bookish frills.

The master work of Williams's enormous energy is the American epic ***"Paterson"*** *(New Directions. 33 pp. $3), the fifth book of which is now added to the original four. John Ciardi, SR's poetry editor, discusses its poetic method and its place in the poetry of contemporary America.*

By JOHN CIARDI

SOMETHING more than a decade ago, William Carlos Williams began "Paterson," his epic of a modern man's consciousness. The poem was originally conceived in four books, the first of which was published in 1946 and the fourth in 1951. Now, seven years after the completion of his original plan, Williams celebrates his seventy-fifth birthday with the release of "Paterson V." Inevitably the occasion invites a retrospective look at Williams's idea of the epic poem in our time.

For "Paterson" is in fact epic in intent, if by "epic" one is willing to understand "the sustained handling of a society-enclosing subject matter." As such, "Paterson" is related to such poems as Pound's "Cantos," Eliot's "The Waste Land," and Crane's "The Bridge." If one may define traditional epic as "the celebration in narrative verse of great deeds performed by a single hero or set of heroes," this latter-day type of epic may be distinguished at once from the traditional by the fact that its development is not narrative but symphonic, and by the additional fact that time in this "modern" epic tends to become a continual present.

This modern epic is symphonic in its development because it does not tell a tale but, rather, orchestrates multiple themes of the human position. It tends to the continual present (the "flux" of Pound's "Cantos") because its subject is always in some sense what may be called "the racial memory"—the reflective conciousness in which past and future-anticipated blend at every moment with the present awareness of the poet-teller.

—*Eliot Erwitt.*

William Carlos Williams—"It is himself the poet must now find."

It may well be that in discarding so fundamental an attraction as narrative, these poems doom themselves to dullness. All of them can certainly be dull, and even impenetrable, at times. But partial failure does not preclude partial or even great success. A good poet writes what he finds himself compelled to write. At whatever cost he must write toward the world as he feels it, and the simple fact is that a sensitive man may have a hard time feeling our world in terms of heroic epic.

For the action-hero is too grand and too simple a figure to express the scope of our times. And straight narrative is too single a method for the complexities of our world. Those muscle-minded heroes of the grand epics were always parochial, and their parish was always assumed to be not only the center of the world but all the world that really mattered. Imagine Ulysses with radio, TV, news bureaus, Madison Avenue, mass media, and airlines to pour all the world's confusions, disasters, and demands upon him at once. Imagine him having to live, as it were, all of his separate islands simultaneously rather than one after another.

"Paterson" is the process of an intellectual Ulysses, of the intellectual-hero rather than of the action-hero, of the reflective man seeking to evoke and to enter the meaning of the landscape of his life.

FOR Williams, that landscape is Paterson, N.J. In "Paterson," Williams set out to encompass and give form to what he knew most about—the place and the history of the place in which his life formed itself. But Paterson is more than the town built around the falls of the Passaic. At those falls a great stone outcropping causes a bend in the river and makes —if only in Williams's imagination— a natural shape that suggests the figure of a man lying on his side. That stone figure is also Paterson, the Sleeping Giant, the Genius of that Place. He is also the genius of time, for the falls changed that natural woodland into an industrial town and made Paterson, N. J., one of the early manufacturing centers of the new world. And in so doing, Paterson converted Paterson into a dirty factory town. The very river (of time, of life, of beginnings) has been polluted and despoiled. Still another Paterson is William Carlos Williams himself—the man of that place, the man who walks that land with his memory and his mind open to what has been, to what

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How Free Is Free Verse?

ONCE past the imitation-Keats of his juvenilia, Williams emerged as an Imagist (though never an Amy-gist) and he has ever since been tagged as a writer of "free" verse. But how free is free verse when managed by a master-sensibility?

The basic tenets of Imagism were: brevity, the rejection of all restrictions on subject matter, the abandonment of metric in favor of new rhythms, the refusal to moralize, fidelity to the spoken language, and the insistence on precise imagery. Williams has never failed to observe these last two tenets, but as time passed he has not so much violated all the others as developed them into a less doctrinaire and, therefore, more human kind of poetry. The human failure of Imagism was preciosity, and Williams is simply too much *hombre* to die of that. Its technical failure was basically, I believe, the failure to think enough about what constitutes a line of poetry. Williams, as the Imagist who did not fail, has been passionately concerned with the nature of the poetic line and the relation of a variable metric foot to the prose-rhythms of our speech.

I do not wholly understand his metric principles—he does not himself. But, starting with a justified faith in his own ear, he has been determined to evolve a measure that will satisfy his ear. "There has to be some principle of regularity," he has frequently said.

For there is no such thing as "free" verse. A poem may tune itself to traditional measures, or it may evolve its own, but some measure there must be.

Let "The Artist" illustrate. Williams has been working for almost a decade now in that odd three-step line. He has not always used it as regularly as he does in "The Artist," but as basic measures it is clear enough, first, that each of the three steps is meant to be roughly equal (as equal as the halves of an Anglo-Saxon line, or as the strophes of a Greek chorus) and, second, that a caesural pause is indicated after each step-down.

Is that enough measure? Any measure is enough when a gifted ear controls it. Williams seems ever-ready to assert that iambic-pentameter and all such "old stuff" must go. But listen to the three-step lines of "The Artist" as if you were listening for iambic-pentameters (varied by hexameters). Can there be any doubt that the basic line is just-off-the-beat of iambic pentameter? And that what Williams has really evolved is a series of variations on an iambic-pentameter line divided into three equal units by the careful control of caesuras? As in jazz, many poets today are writing around the beat rather than to it. But playing around is every bit as strict as playing *to* the beat. "The Artist" is not "free," but controlled. —J.C.

The Artist

By William Carlos Williams

Mr. T.
bareheaded
in a soiled undershirt
his hair standing out
on all sides
stood on his toes
heels together
arms gracefully
for the moment
curled above his head.
Then he whirled about
bounded
into the air
and with an *entrechat*
perfectly achieved
completed the figure.
My mother
taken by surprise
where she sat
in her invalid's chair
was left speechless.
Bravo! she cried at last
and clapped her hands.
The man's wife
came from the kitchen:
What goes on here? she said.
But the show was over.

From "Desert Music" (Random House). –Copr. 1953 William Carlos Williams, originally in The New Yorker.

is passing, and to what portends. This Paterson knows (in the ear of the Sleeping Giant, as it were) how the Indians held the falls to be a holy place. He hears the stone giant listening from the first of time over the forming land. And he knows the present city as only a doctor can after living all his life there, after delivering its births and burying its deaths. Like a theme in music, the Paterson-concept keeps developing and changing.

BECAUSE Paterson is the place of most meaning to him, Williams has become the antiquarian of that place. He has dug out of old files and stored forever in himself the history of the place. He knows who drowned in the river and when and under what circumstances. He knows of the day on which the river was drained and its swarms of fish were netted and hauled away by the wagonload, leaving it forever despoiled of its first life. He knows of the drunkard who jumped over the falls on a bet, and survived. Paterson-Williams knows all these things: he knows what plans Alexander Hamilton had for the industrial development of Paterson, he knows which families grew fantastically rich on the power of the falls, and he knows what the immigrant millhands suffered and lost. And he sees them not only particularly, as products of one place, but as part of the process of all mankind in crowding himself out of contact with the burgeoning land. Each of these incidents and memories, moreover, is not only told but orchestrated against the others, each new juxtaposition releasing new implications.

The failure of communication between men is a constant theme of "Paterson." Another is the debasement of what was once good. "Paterson I" sets out to "trace the elemental character of the place." It ends, significantly, with a reference to the *choriambus* or "deformed" foot of the metric of Hipponax: "The choriambi are in poetry what the dwarf or cripple is in human nature. . . . Deformed verse was suited to deformed morality."

Of the various Patersons (Paterson-the-Sleeping-Giant, Paterson-New Jersey, and Paterson-Williams) I take "Paterson V" to be most intimately of Paterson-Williams. The first four books have about found the place. It is himself the poet must now find. Or rather, find again.

He looks out the window
sees the birds still there—

The first things remain forever in place. He sees the young girl and he

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sees the old man. He sees the sex principle everywhere about him, everywhere pretending to be love. But is it love? Love is a communication (so back to one of his earliest and most persistent themes) and where does true communication happen in Paterson, or in the world?

Here he introduces as another basic theme of "Paterson V" the Virgin and the Whore, the themes constantly changing and regrouping. They become Art and Morality. They become the Artist pursuing his Image. They become the aspiration of innocence and the pursuit of understanding. At one point the birth of the artist's idea is seen as a virgin-birth, but immediately the sensuous and sensual man in Williams cries out in the name of everyman's life-involvement:

> no woman is virtuous
> who does not give herself to her
> lover
> —forthwith.

And if I follow meaningfully the sequence of the thematic development, it is finally to that woman of the life-bearing virtues the poet comes, the virgin-and-whore, the whole woman with whom he has experienced that enduring human communication which is a lifetime of love. For unless that communication is achieved nothing can make meaning:

> We know nothing and can know
> nothing
> but
> the dance, to dance to a measure
> contrapuntally.
> Satyrically, the tragic foot.

Nor can one fail to note that "the tragic foot" is not only the cleft foot of the satyr (a figure both of deformity and of sex) but a reference once more to the "deformed foot" of Hipponax.

And thus one may locate a third central characteristic of this sort of poetry: the statement is never complete at any one point. Like music it touches, develops, dissolves away from, returns to, puts into a new counterpoint, and finally brings to rest. But there is never any one statement on which one may put his finger and say "this is the meaning." The meaning is a constant process. And though there are times when I find myself baffled, Williams is still a master of this method, and still able to lure the reading on by the richness of the suggestion he does manage to release. Having reread "Paterson V" at least six times, I know I have discovered more in the course of each reading, and I am sure I will discover more again every time that I return to it.

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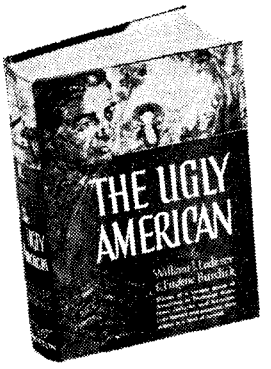

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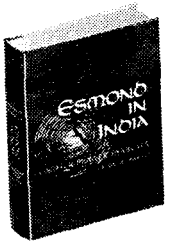

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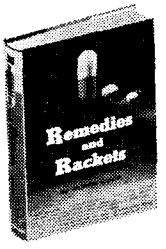

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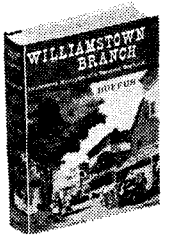

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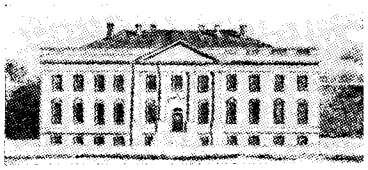
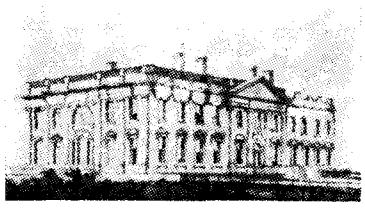
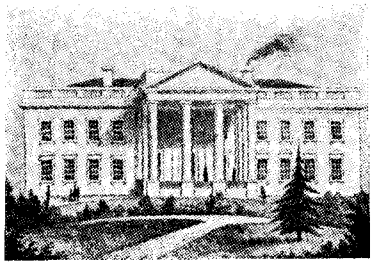


In 1807 during Jefferson's tenancy.

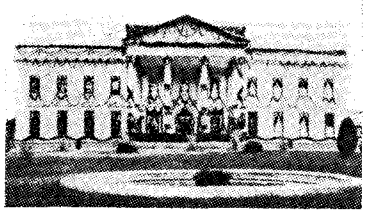


In 1814 after burning by British.



Gaslights were installed in 1848.

First White House photograph by Brady.



Black-draped White House mourns Garfield.

PRESIDENTS CALL IT HOME: Amy La Follette Jensen's engrossing pictorial study, **"The White House"** (McGraw-Hill, $12.50), records a century and a half of Presidential life. Abigail and John Adams were the first residents and since then thirty-one families have called it home. This book of history is interwoven with numerous anecdotes recreating the lively past of the First House of the land.

U. S. GOVERNMENT

Chief Concern of a Chief Justice

"The Supreme Court from Taft to Warren," by Alpheus Thomas Mason *(Louisiana State University Press. 250 pp. $4.95), evaluates selected justices of the High Tribunal. Our reviewer, Henry M. Christman, writes frequently about liberty and law.*

By Henry M. Christman

"ONLY lawyers," Harold Laski once said, "make law mysterious." And at this juncture of history, when the U.S. Supreme Court is once again a focus of debate, Professor Mason presents this analysis intended to dispel any misconceptions concerning the Court and its functioning.

Yet it is not quite what the title would imply, a general history of the Court in recent times. Rather, it is an examination of the legal philosophies of judicial review and of judicial self-restraint. This is the criterion for evaluation of selected justices, particularly Chief Justices Taft, Hughes, and Stone, each of whom receives an entire chapter. These three chapters, preceded by an introductory chapter, and followed by two chapters of general analysis and comment concerning the Court today, constitute the book.

What, then, is this problem of judicial review and self-restraint? As Professor Mason approvingly quotes Justice William O. Douglas: "From age to age, the problem of Constitutional adjudication is the same. It is to keep the power of the government unrestrained by the social or economic theories that one set of judges may import into the Constitution. It is to keep one age unfettered by the fears or limited vision of another."

It is no secret that for decades the majority of Supreme Court justices viewed their role as a duty to defend and even extend laissez-faire capitalism, despite an awakening social consciousness on the part of the American people. What this meant in practice, for example, is that the Court of an earlier day held that regulations governing hours of labor were not desirable protections for workers, not at all. Rather, such protection was "an unreasonable, unnecessary, and arbitrary interference with the right of the individual to his personal liberty." This kind of interpretation of the Constitution was to give way following FDR's "Court-packing" attempt in 1937.

Almost all Americans now agree that it was wrong for the Hughes Court to strike down New Deal legislation merely because it disliked the economic orientation. But the contention that the Supreme Court is similarly misusing its powers today by vigorously upholding individual liberties guaranteed by the Bill of Rights is, of course, absurd. As Professor Mason says, "Between 1890 and 1937, the Supreme Court actually retarded the growth of democracy. When, on the other hand, judicial review serves to give a minority, otherwise barred, access to the political process, it implements rather than limits free government." He explains:

> . . . the legislature can control the wages and hours of workers; it cannot limit the right to vote with respect to race or color. Congress can regulate agricultural production; it cannot control the content of newspapers. The state can demand that children attend school; it cannot compel them to participate in political ceremonies that violate their religious convictions. Judicial hands-off in economic matters is perfectly consistent with judicial activism designed to preserve the integrity of the political process.

Professor Mason and his publisher have no particular affection for the Supreme Court, and the author makes much of his scorn for what he calls "robeism" and those who, he charges, attempt to perpetuate "the cult of the robe" by undue reverence for the Court. Not only does the author defend the right of opponents of Court rulings to indulge in heated criticism; he even rebukes those who are distressed and appalled by violent abuse. Taking into account this perspective, it is particularly significant that the author says, "Evidence mounts that Chief Justice Earl Warren's Court is alert to positive responsibilities," and that the over-all picture he presents reinforces the popular belief that the Court is now in what may well be its greatest period of achievement to date.

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Basic Charter Recharted

"We the People: The Economic Origins of the Constitution," by Forrest McDonald *(University of Chicago Press. 448 pp. $7), beards the Beard (Charles A.) contention that the principles underlying our government were put over by the sharp practices of special-interest groups, and elucidates why various states and factions did support the Constitution. The work is analyzed by David M. Potter, the author of "People of Plenty."*

By David M. Potter

IN "WE THE PEOPLE" Forrest McDonald has written what may prove to be one of the most important books on American history in recent years. His formidable study accomplishes two results of major significance.

First, it subjects Charles A. Beard's economic interpretation of the Constitution to one of the most smashing analyses ever mounted in the literature of historical criticism. For a full forty-five years this interpretation has towered over the landscape of American history and has exercised an influence second only to Frederick Jackson Turner's concept of the significance of the frontier.

At a time when the Constitution was still widely venerated as sacrosanct, Beard advanced the startling thesis that it had been selfishly framed by far-from-godlike Founding Fathers to further the interests of special groups, notably creditors, land speculators, and holders of public securities, and had been unscrupulously put over by the sharp practices of those who stood to gain personally at the expense of other groups, notably debtors, farmers, and what later came to be called the "forgotten man." Beard used, with seemingly conclusive effect, data on the public security holdings of the framers. These data were as of 1791, but he projected backward from them, assuming that they were approximately applicable for 1787. Additional local data was extant, including information on other property and on holdings in 1787, but, as Beard correctly observed, such data would require "years of research" to unearth. He did not unearth it, and his own data seemed massive enough to silence the doubtful and to awe more than a generation of historians.

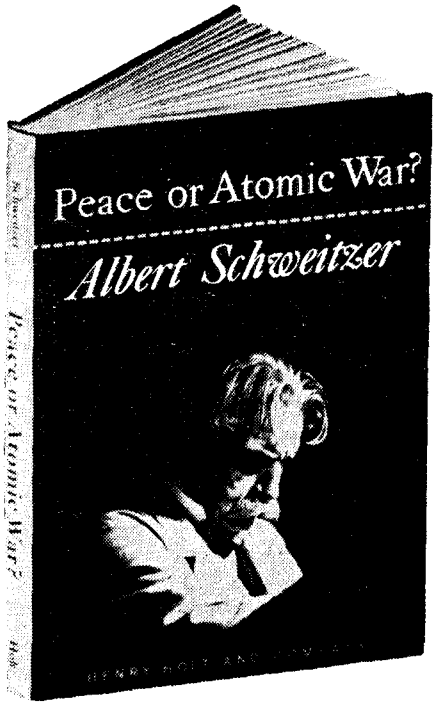
Shocked patriots assailed Beard as subversive, cynical, impious, Marxist, and deterministic. But his array of data and his earthy scorn for scholastic lack of realism deterred critics from challenging either his realism or his accuracy. No one ventured to suggest that determinism can weave its fantasies, clothing them in naturalistic trappings, quite as readily as patriotism can weave others and clothe them in the lore of heroism, or that the one may be as unrealistic as the other. Most of all, no one ever expressed the daring thought that Beard simply had his facts wrong. His thesis was generally accepted and after a time, ironically, it entered the canon.

In recent years critics have begun to reexamine, and in 1956 Robert E. Brown made a major attack on Beard's interpretation in "Charles Beard and the Constitution." Brown's technique was, as one might say, to "shadow" Beard, reviewing him step by step. The effect was devastating in exposing the faults in Beard's structure, but it followed in his tracks so closely that it scarcely suggested alternatives to the thesis which it was upsetting.

McDonald, who has refrained from reading Brown, has now launched an even more devastating critique which in many ways parallels Brown but also goes far beyond him. In fact, McDonald has done a staggering amount of research—those "years of research" in the local records which seemed so impossible to Beard and in fact would seem impossible to almost anyone else.

From these data McDonald proves overwhelmingly that "on all counts Beard's thesis is entirely incompatible with the facts." He demonstrates that the men who framed the Constitution at Philadelphia and those who ratified it in the states were not predominantly creditors and security holders of the economic class to which Beard assigned them, and that in so far as such men participated, a good half of them opposed the Constitution. There was no "consolidated economic interest" at work.

McDonald's second major achievement is to provide new and more revealing light on the positive question why various states and various interests did support the Constitu-



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tion. In general, he shows that states like Georgia, which feared hostilities with the Indians; New Jersey, which had no port of its own, and others, which were dependent on cooperation between the states, favored ratification, while potentially self-sufficient states like New York, Virginia, and North Carolina, were most reluctant. He also shows that where economic motivation was involved the question of the status of confiscated Tory estates may have been more important than the question of paper money or public securities.

Although his book may be hailed as a refutation of economic determinism, it in fact refutes Beard's application of deterministic theory rather than the theory itself. Most of all, it everlastingly proves that single-factor analysis will never yield a tenable explanation of complex events that were guided by multiple factors operating at various levels. From this McDonald argues that historians should avoid Beard's practice of beginning with an hypothesis to be tested, and he suggests that rigorous methods can make history considerably more objective than Beard himself believed possible.

Readers who prefer pulse-stirring history will quail at the remorseless detail of McDonald's unrelenting analysis. He may never make the book clubs. But he has tumbled a very large Humpty Dumpty from a very high wall of history, and American historical literature will never be entirely the same, despite king's horses and king's men.

From Pushkin to the Politburo

"An Outline of Russian Literature," by Marc Slonim *(Oxford. 230 pp. $5), is an abridged version of the author's two previous works, "The Epic of Russian Literature: From its Origins Through Tolstoy" and "Modern Russian Literature: From Chekhov to the Present." Our critic, Ivar Spector, is the author of "The Golden Age of Russian Literature" and other books.*

By Ivar Spector

MARC SLONIM now has accomplished for his own work what Professor Francis J. Whitfield did in condensing D. S. Mirsky's two volumes in "A History of Russian Literature." A timely and infectious work, this outline should whet the appetite of the reader and persuade him to continue the rewarding and stirring experience of the study of Russian literature. The book is skilfully organized into eighteen chapters, ranging from "The Origins" to "Literature of the Revolution," the one and only chapter devoted to the Soviet period.

Slonim, for the most part, follows the traditional Russian approach of emphasis on historical background at the expense of analysis of literary techniques. There is a notable exception in his treatment of Turgenev, where more historical background might well be expected. In general, the outline presents little in the way of new material or fresh ideas that is not to be found in the author's more extensive volumes. His summation of the Populist Movement and his interpretation of Dostoevsky provide exceptions to this general rule.

As in the case of his earlier work, Professor Slonim is preoccupied with the Russian Populist Movement of the nineteenth century. Populism, to him, was the fountainhead from which sprang all subsequent literary trends and political parties. In substance, he represents Populism as a collectivist movement, the main goal of which was the establishment of a collectivist society ("Socialism"). For the Slavophile Populists, at least such is the implication, Socialism was Christianity in action, the Kingdom of God upon earth. Slonim nevertheless concedes that the emergence of Marxism in nineteenth-century Russia curbed the Populist Movement. The very fact that George Plekhanov and his fellow

Moments in America: First Letter from New Albion

(Robert Evelyn, 1634)

By Margaret Rockwell

I.

"I THOUGHT good to write unto you my knowledge.
We fitted out a shallop in July,
Sailing from Jamestown, and made anchorage

"At Eriwomeck, where two rivers lie.
Bustards and swans abounded on the spot;
I left the ship to barter and to buy:

"Plenty of delicate fishes filled our pot.
The king of Kechemeches was undone,
Naked and unarmed against our shot:

"I durst with fifteen men, or even one,
Sit down to trade with fifty of his kind:
All, I suppose, are fearful of a gun.

"These are the only humans that we find.
I do not think that we have been unkind."

II.

What came before we cannot ever know,
Before this multitude of wing and fin
Was sent beyond that shallow and that bough:

Was sent to Albion, the anxious kin
Far over waves and days, by the exact
Extending voice of Master Evelyn:

Sent in a ship outward to port of fact,
Onward through autograph to history,
Bringing a continent the world had lacked.

What came before the prow cut through the sea
To break the dream of heron on the shore
And chain the Indian eye behind the tree?

This letter tells the moment that he wore.
The king of pioneers can do no more.

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Marxists were "successful rivals" of the Populists evokes some doubt as to the validity of Slonim's idealization of Populism as a genuine people's movement. It seems more likely that with their emphasis on collectivism the Populists in reality helped to pave the way for Marxism in Russia.

One of the best contemporary documents on Russian Populism, Turgenev's "Virgin Soil" (1876), gets short shrift from Professor Slonim as "the least successful" Turgenev novel, perhaps because it does seriously challenge the assumption that this movement was an outgrowth of the people. Turgenev appeared to feel that it was a panacea promoted by a few leaders, which was actually rejected by the people. In this light, it seems that there is still room for an over-all reappraisal of Russian Populism.

In this outline, Slonim claims that Dostoevsky imitated Gogol—a contention that is questionable, if not misleading. Dostoevsky neither imitated nor emulated Gogol. He challenged Gogol. His "Poor Folk" was a rebuttal rather than imitation of Gogol's "The Cloak." Gogol's Akaki Akakiyevitch made a fetish of an inanimate, materialistic object—a cloak. In a spirit of revolt Dostoevsky took a similar theme, but humanized it by making the frail orphan seamstress the object of Makar Devushkin's sacrifice and devotion.

In the all-too-brief outline of Soviet literature and literary trends, it is surprising to find no reference to the controversy over positive and negative characters, which has waged for several years and still continues. The author has somehow failed to convey the spirit of Soviet literature in the same measure as he has succeeded in capturing that of pre-Revolutionary Russian literature. Perhaps one reason is that, as compared with the earlier period, his canvas is too crowded.

It was no easy task to encompass the entire field of Russian and Soviet literature within the confines of 230 pages and still produce a highly readable narrative. Yet this Professor Slonim has accomplished. Only a scholar with a broad and an intimate knowledge of Russian literature could have performed the task so creditably.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Antigonus in "The Winter's Tale." 2. Cinna, the Poet, in "Julius Caesar." 3. Caliban in "The Tempest." 4. Queen Katharine in "Henry VIII." 5. Tullus Aufidius in "Coriolanus." 6. Hermia in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." 7. Brabantio in "Othello." 8. Duchess of Gloucester in "Second Part of Henry VI." 9. Duke of Clarence in "Richard III." 10. Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet."

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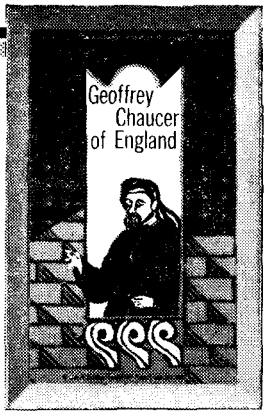

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Culture Condemned

***"Early Soviet Writers," by Vyacheslav Zavalishin** (Prager. 394 pp. $7.50), is a study of Russian writers whose literary reputations were made during the decade following the Bolshevik revolution. It is reviewed by Waclaw Jedrzejewicz, former Minister of Education in Poland, who is now professor of Slavic studies at Ripon College in Wisconsin.*

By Waclaw Jedrzejewicz

FOR students of Soviet literature there has appeared a new, very interesting book about the early Soviet writers. It is not the definitive history of this early period, but as the author himself makes clear in his introduction, it serves rather as basic material for such a history.

The title "Early Soviet Writers" is a loose one. The author says that "the present volume deals only with those Soviet writers who before 1929 experienced the highest degree of 'freedom of creation' which they were to know." The book discusses such pre-revolutionary writers, as Blok, Akhmatova, Gorky, Artsybashev, and others. In the chapter "Poets in the Ascendant," the author characterizes the Futurists, among them Khlebnikov, Mayakovsky, and the peasant poets (Klynev, Klychkov, Esenin, and others); he then talks of the writers of the Proletcult and the Smithy, going on from them to the Pathfinders (Zamyatin, Shklovsky) as well as Babel, Pilnyak, and Furmanov. Next, there is a discussion of the characteristics of the writers of the Serapion Brothers, LEF, October and On-Guardists, Pereval and Constructivists. The book ends with Gladkov, Olesha, Leonov, Grin, Bulgakov, Zoshchenko, and several others.

Up until now English writing on Soviet literature of this period has been very limited. There is Gleb Struve's "Soviet Russian Literature 1917-50," D. Mirsky has a section in his classic work "A History of Russian Literature," Oleg Maslenikov wrote about it in his "The Frenzied Poets: Andrey Bely and the Russian Symbolists," as did Edward J. Brown in his "The Proletarian Episode in Russian Literature 1928-1932." Zavalishin's book is especially exciting; he presents the writers as living people, giving numerous citations from their verse and prose, thus bringing them close to the reader.

Some of the topics discussed, like Mayakovsky and his ideas on the motives for suicide, Khlebnikov and Prof. Roman Jakobson's striking opinions about him, Kluyev and the quotations from his works, are good examples of how excellent essays of this kind can be written—brief, and yet speaking volumes. Very good explanatory notes complement the text. Russian titles are given so the reader can readily locate the texts in the original.

THE many revolutionary writers who were against Lenin for introducing the New Economic Policy (NEP), considering it to be a departure from Communism, are clearly presented. Also made clear is the tragic fate of many Soviet writers of this period, writers who were often good Communists.

Zavalishin writes: "[Pyotr Oreshin] in 1937 was accused of counterrevolutionary activities and sentenced to ten years in a concentration camp without the right of writing or receiving letters. According to rumors which reached his son, Oreshin died there." When? No one knows.

> Gerasimov continued to appear in print until 1935 . . . but he too ended in a concentration camp. . . . During the Yezhov purges [Artyom Vesyolyi] was dispatched to a concentration camp. The date of his death is not known. [Nicolai Zarudin] and other former members of Pereval who had remained friends after the breakup

—*Sovfoto*

Elmar Grin. V. V. Mayakovsky. Leonid Leonov.

Before 1929 they experienced the highest degree of "freedom of creation."

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of the organization . . . were arrested in a general round-up. Zarudin, according to a report, was shot, and Boris Guber and Ivan Katayev were sentenced to long terms in concentration camps. Lezhnyov disappeared without a trace. . . . The concentration camp robbed Russian literature of one more great writer (Sergei Klychkov)."

This black, tragic list weaves through the book, showing how horribly the Bolsheviks devastated the flower of the Russian intelligentsia.

"Early Soviet Writers" deals almost entirely with writers in Russia. Russian emigrés are mentioned only in passing. For instance, Igor Severyanin is quickly glossed over; and yet it is time his rightful place in Russian literature should be accorded to this poet, who, in pre- and post-revolutionary times was read very widely.

The various literary trends are touched upon very briefly—but this is not a criticism of the book, as there are other books that take this up more intensively. On the other hand, this book is significantly successful in characterizing and describing the literary activities of these writers.

A Civilized Man

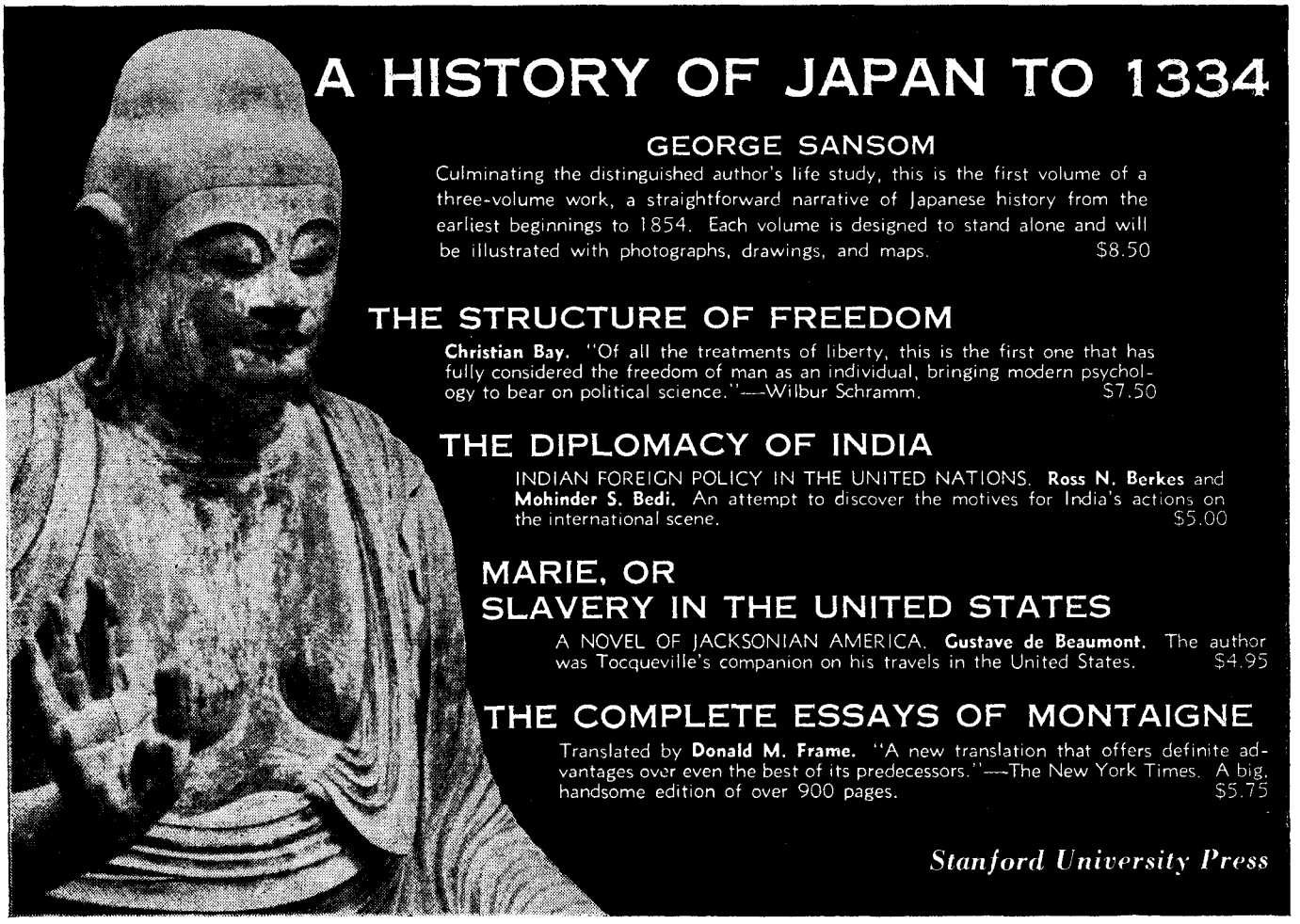
***"More in Sorrow," by Wolcott Gibbs** (Holt. 320 pp. $4), is the posthumous collection of the late drama critic's best contributions to* The New Yorker. *His place in American laughter and letters is considered by Hollis Alpert, a former fellow-worker on the same Gotham weekly.*

By Hollis Alpert

WOLCOTT GIBBS was a *New Yorker* discovery, pure and simple. He was also a *New Yorker* phenomenon. Without the guiding hand of Ross and the *esprit* of the magazine behind him, it is extremely doubtful that he would ever have turned out to be the kind of writer he became. In fact, it would have been unthinkable. He, for a while, became the chief representative of the magazine's quality —as though Ross had dreamed up someone who would best represent the point of view he wanted his magazine to have, and there he was, able to do profiles, the smaller items in Talk of the Town, parodies, short stories, drama criticism. He could also edit the work of other writers, and save them from sins of omission and commission—all having to do with words and their usage. He naturally brought something to the magazine—a merciless sense of humor, an enormous respect for the English and American languages, a vast distaste for the pretentious.

He flourished in the irreverent, but at the same time reasonably literate atmosphere that *The New Yorker* provided him. The magazine enlisted other important humorous talents, like Perelman and the late Benchley, but they could function, as well, in other fields. Gibbs almost never drifted away: once or twice to do a brief piece for another publication, once to do a not very important, but nevertheless successful play. Gibbs was that rare breed, a pure *New Yorker* writer. The surprising thing was that he could write so much and so continually for a topical, weekly magazine, without most of it turning out ephemeral. The collection of thirty-five of his pieces, "More in Sorrow," released shortly after he died, is a pleasure to read, though some were first published twenty and more years ago.

As a drama critic he went to the theatre as a *New Yorker* writer and editor might go, habitually on the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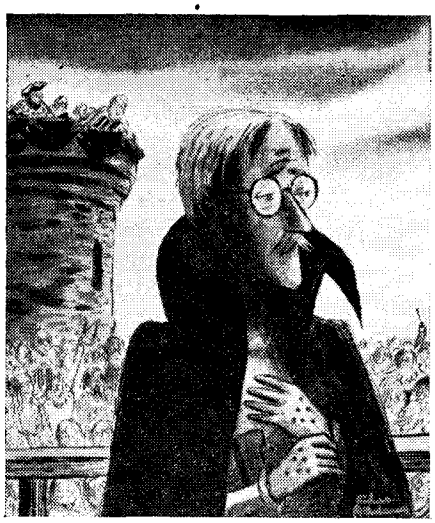

—Jacket illustration by Charles Addams.

Wolcott Gibbs—"A *New Yorker* discovery, pure and simple."

guard against the ostentatious, the ridiculous, the meaningless, and the insane. He represented the still, small voice of the civilized man in the audience. Because he could burlesque what he saw, when it was patently impossible stuff, and deal urbanely (if not in great depth) with what was worth discussing, he was almost incredibly readable. No one in the field could beat him at being readable. If the play was no good, Gibbs was. Week by week he strove to make his copy read like a Ross dream of good writing. However, it is unlikely that he will ever become the drama critic's or dramatist's critic, like Shaw or Beerbohm, or James Agate. I suspect this is because he was seldom capable of significant insights, and because he probably lacked an essential love for the medium he was reporting on. Sometimes it merely annoyed him; even Shakespeare annoyed him at times.

There are those who have complained that Gibbs was more inclined to indignation and superciliousness than to praise or patient exegesis. Again, look to the magazine. It began primarily as a weekly of humor and humorous content, or quizzical and sometimes snobbish reporting. Gibbs was always an expert workman for the magazine. It is hard to say whether he adopted its tone, or whether his was a tone that exactly fitted *The New Yorker*. Anyway, they came together and the collaboration worked out just fine. He died last month, at fifty-six, leaving behind him not an enormous, solemn body of work, but three or four unserious volumes. "More in Sorrow" contains Gibbs's idea of the cream he churned over a period of thirty years of writing for a weekly magazine. The wit, the polished barb, the civilized tone play through it all. There is the incomparable reminiscence, "Ring Out Wild Bells," the parody of Luce, *Life*, and *Time*, the affectionately poisonous profile of Alexander Woollcott.

But Gibbs bears rereading primarily as a humorist, as exponent of a manner that is already, in *The New Yorker*, giving way slowly to another. If his humor was sometimes bad humor, it was always well written. As far as I'm concerned, that's a pretty good kind.

Pick of the Paperbacks

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Isms of Shavianism

***"Bernard Shaw and the Nineteenth Century Tradition," by Julian B. Kaye** (University of Oklahoma Press), is an analysis of the ingredients that made up the political philosophy of the late nonagenarian. Shaw's biographer Hesketh Pearson is our reviewer.*

By Hesketh Pearson

THE nature of Bernard Shaw was divided into two parts. There were of course many subdivisions, but the two main stands informing all the rest were the comedian and the politician, the artist and the propagandist. In his heart he knew which was the more important of the two, admitting to me that "anyone could have done the propaganda; no one else could have written my plays. I had to write them: they were a part of me."

As a reformer he was essentially a child of his age, like every other reformer whose job is to handle the problems of the present, not the future. "You must deal with the world as you find it, not as I found it," he once advised me. When eighty years old he was acute enough to perceive that he had outlived his age, and I heard him say to a newspaper reporter over the telephone, "I am an old man and I write drivel." The trouble was that he had been writing political drivel since the age of sixty-five, when his impatience with democratic government made him sympathize with dictatorships, and all his early humanitarianism was swamped in his pleasure at seeing things done, even by such subhuman specimens as Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin.

In extenuation of his semi-surrender to these totalitarians it may be said that, having no cruelty in himself, he could not conceive the depths of brutality to which the human animal can sink. The gentle, charming, reasonable Inquisitor in "Saint Joan" reveals his utter inability to imagine the pitiless sadism inherent in religious and political persecution. At the age of fifty he ruthlessly exposed a heartless example of British imperialism, a kid-glove affair compared with the steel-gauntlet horrors of Russian imperialism which at the age of eighty he appeared to condone. The first he used as a bit of propaganda; the second he excused for the same reason; in both cases he was too humane to recognize the underlying love of cruelty in the exercise of power.

As a politician he tried to rise above himself, to be a super-Shaw; and this is the curious being whose derivations and opinions are traced with painstaking thoroughness by Mr. Julian Kaye, whose object is to show that Shaw was a nineteenth-century figure who brought the philosophy of his time to bear upon problems that had superseded those of his earlier years. Mr. Kaye shows us how this super-Shaw was influenced by Carlyle, Ruskin, Wagner, Comte, Ibsen, Butler, and a dozen others (it would be amusing to hear Shaw on the subject). "The quintessence of Shavianism," he once said to me, "is the essence of a hundred other 'isms'." And the significant thing about his philosophy is not the contribution of others but the individuality of its expression. Mr. Kaye manages to prove in detail how many of Shaw's opinions are taken from other men, though occasionally he does not go back far enough. For example, Tom Paine urged the necessity of old-age pensions many years before Ruskin was born; while Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott, to say nothing of Shakespeare, expressed the humanitarian argument against vivisection long before Wagner burst upon the world. Nevertheless, Mr. Kaye has provided a textbook for all who are interested in the work of super-Shaw.

But politics and philosophy soon become dated, while the work of the great artist endures.

The Hand-Car

By George Abbe

DOWN railroad track,
pumping the hand-car,
I came with a lump
of sun in my pocket,
a boy's-camp medal
stiff on my chest.

The yeast of summer
had swollen the woods to a feast
of lustful, blazing leaves.
Fleeing from instructors
in camping and rowing, I rushed
down the rusted, long-abandoned
track.

It veered through mountain rock.
The shock of a straight-away
laced me cold; I saw
the long-unused railroad station; and
there
with a fur about her neck,
and sad, accusing eyes,
my mother, watching me.

Pumping, I passed,
not letting my gaze leave the track.
The black, rusted metal rails rushed
under the hand-car's wheels
that screamed with rust.

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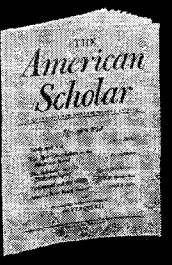

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Passion Unpreferred

***"The Search for Good Sense: Four Eighteenth-Century Characters," by F. L. Lucas** (Macmillan. 354 pp. $5), probes the minds of Johnson and Boswell, Lord Chesterfield and Oliver Goldsmith. Peter Quennell, who considers the studies, wrote, among other books, "Profane Virtues: Four Portraits of the Eighteenth Century."*

By Peter Quennell

F. L. LUCAS is far too thoughtful a critic to pretend that the eighteenth century was an Age of Reason; and this is particularly wise considering the characters of whom he treats. With the obvious exception of Lord Chesterfield—whose ideas of rational behavior may have been extremely limited, but who stuck to them obstinately through thick and thin—none of the writers here described and analyzed lived a well-rounded or well-balanced life, while Johnson, and perhaps Boswell, sometimes hovered on the verge of madness, a prey to superstitions and secret terrors that sprang from the gloomiest depths of the subconscious mind. Mr. Lucas, therefore, does not portray his heroes as reasonable men but as gallant seekers after reason—as artists, moreover, who, unlike many of the present day, never sought to make a virtue of their own unreasonableness. Thus Johnson, despite his passion and prejudice, was constantly wrestling with himself to achieve intellectual honesty; and Boswell, though so often erratic and foolish, "tirelessly pursued good sense and intellectual distinction in others." Even Chesterfield, who is not the critic's favorite, prosecuted a lifelong effort "to see realities unclouded by convention or cant."

Strangely enough, however, it is on Oliver Goldsmith that Mr. Lucas bestows his warmest praise. "In some ways," we are told, "he was the wisest of the four . . . He was more sensitive, and yet the astringent good sense of his age helped to preserve his sentiment from growing too sweet." And he proceeds to compare Goldsmith favorably both with Jane Austen and with the average modern novelist. Beside "The Vicar of Wakefield," Jane Austen's novels strike him as, at times, "a little chilly," a little "flat" and "dry"; and he asserts elsewhere that "The Vicar" is essentially a "healthy book, healthy as an apple out of a hayloft"—how different from "the maggoty cheese, or game high to putrefaction, that more sophisticated modern tastes are apt to demand!"

Mr. Lucas's opinion of Oliver Goldsmith may possibly surprise his younger readers. But then, as they will no doubt very soon remark, this one-time pillar of the Cambridge avant-garde has now a staunchly conservative point of view, and is inclined to use the achievement of the eighteenth-century as a stick with which to castigate the follies and vices of the present day. We are hurtling towards atomic destruction, and throw common sense overboard as we rush along the road to ruin; our Augustan predecessor did at least *attempt* to follow the guiding stars of Sense and Self-knowledge. Mr. Lucas admits, on the other hand, that among the weaknesses of the age he admires was a strain of self-sufficiency that sometimes degenerated into self-complacency: "The eighteenth century, we can see now, monstrously underestimated the difficulty of being rational." And his biographical portraits become most interesting when he balances what those characters were—Johnson, wrongheaded, passionate, superstitious; Chesterfield, frigid, snobbish, egocentric; Boswell, muddleheaded, selfish, sensual; Goldsmith, the "idiot" depicted by Sir John Hawkins and Horace Walpole—against what they would have preferred to seem and what they felt they ought to be.

All the essays published in Mr. Lucas's volume were originally delivered as lectures; and they have some of the good qualities of the lecture form, accompanied by certain complementary shortcomings. Discursive, readable, and sympathetic, they are also slightly diffuse and, occa-

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 798

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 798 will be found in the next issue.

KTMBTOK FBT OIEXUK

LT UEPT OS SOITBK OS

RTTJ YSB

WK.

—TVHTBO IWHHFBQ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 797

If you want to know how old a woman is, ask her sister-in-law.

—E. W. Howe.

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sionally, repetitious. The same quotation is employed more than once; the same contrast is repeatedly hammered home; the author's personal comments on a text or a character are nailed to the page with an obtrusive exclamation mark. Nevertheless, this is an enjoyable work, which will appeal not only to lovers of the eighteenth century but to general students of the human mind and heart. For the eighteenth century was, in many respects, a much more representative period than either the seventeenth or the nineteenth. It may have produced fewer men of genius; but its characteristic preoccupations covered a considerably wider field. Heaven was not so close to the earth as it had been in the days of Milton and Vaughan; imaginations were not so wild and rich as they would become in the period of Wordsworth and Shelley. But Man was trying to learn how he might stand alone—an art that he has not yet mastered.

Inches in the Fog

"Granite and Rainbow: Essays by Virginia Woolf" *(editorial note by Leonard Woolf; Harcourt, Brace, 240 pp. $3.75), contains twenty-eight previously uncollected articles by the English critic and novelist dating from 1909 through 1949. Aileen Pippett, whose "Moth and the Star" was a biography of Mrs. Woolf, appraises these magazine contributions.*

By Aileen Pippett

EIGHT years ago Leonard Woolf declared that, with a few minor exceptions, he had identified his wife's contributions, mostly anonymous, to different journals and had selected for reprinting only those she would have approved. From this judgment there seemed to be no appeal. Now he has recanted. Thanks to the persistence and industry of two Americans, Dr. Mary Lyon (Harvard), who is writing a book on "Virginia Woolf as Critic," and Miss Brownlee Jean Kirkpatrick (Cornell), who published an excellent "Bibliography of Virginia Woolf" last December, he has found twenty-eight more items, dating from 1909 through 1940, which reach his exacting standard.

The present volume is admirably edited and thoroughly vindicates modern American methods of research and criticism. Sources and dates of original publication are given, and the articles are grouped by subject-matter, so that a line of thought, a recurrent image, or a change of emphasis can be noted. Unfortunately the same care has not been extended to the proofreading. Miss Kirkpatrick should in common courtesy be given her correct initials without delay.

The two sections of this book reveal an interesting paradox. Part I, the "Art of Fiction," shows Virginia Woolf as a critic, immensely concerned with technical problems of writing: in the second part, the "Art of Biography," she is seen as a novelist, infinitely curious about other people's lives, determined to tell a story if it's the last thing she does.

Arguments about her real forte will be revived. They plagued her during her life. If only the critics would make up their minds, she used to complain, she'd do whatever they wanted: and in the next breath she would admit this was one of those "glib lies that roll off one's pen;" she'd go on doing precisely as she pleased. This she did, of course, constantly exploring the "angularities" of her mind for criticism, struggling with "this queer, grinding stuff" of her novels, always seeking new modes of expression, new patterns of thought, "two more inches in the fog" of the future.

Thus she cannot write a page, hardly a paragraph, that does not stimulate the reader. She cannot be impersonal. Bright glints of her character show through the veils of reticence. She uses the editorial "we," then breaks into laughter or anger. She wants literary standards as precise as those of mathematics or music, but her approach is always intuitive. She can be silly or sagacious, a snob or a sibyl: she is never dull.

The grouping of the essays in each section has its own felicities. The first article, "The Narrow Bridge of Art," states one of her main themes, the issue of prose versus poetry in the novel of the future. It crops up again whether she is writing about De Quincey, Meredith, ghosts, purple patches, G. B. Stern, Ernest Hemingway, or Katherine Mansfield. She returns to it in the last piece in this section, "Phases of Fiction," a masterly, wide-ranging, 20,000-word survey, like the last movement of a symphony, ending with a final chord: the future must take care of itself.

The second part opens with "The New Biography"—another gem—where we find the explanation of the book's apt title. If the "aim of biography is the truthful transmission of personality," as Sir Sidney Lee, her father's assistant and successor as editor of the Dictionary of National Biography, said, then truth, that is, verifiable fact, must be as solid as granite and personality as intangible as a rainbow. So once more is expressed the dichotomy that governs

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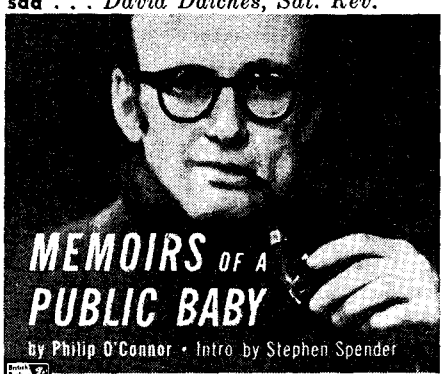

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our thought, the ambivalence that sways our feelings.

A great deal of the rest of the book is chatter: but what chatter! Imps or cherubs gossiping about duchesses or sportsmen or pictures of true love. You pay your money and you take your choice. As in all anthologies, the choice will be individual. Personally I would have chosen some other, as yet unreprinted pieces and dispensed with that horrible, good little girl who emerges from "Hours in a Library," fairly dripping unctuousness, or the melancholy maiden doing her best to be respectful to her father's old friend in "Oliver Wendell Holmes." The Virginia Woolf I like is the woman who knows how to cope with two dropsical volumes about "Thomas Coutts, Banker," extract the human drama of his long life, and conclude with a dream recorded on the flyleaf of a prayer book, "as if Tom and Harriot had walked through bitter waters to rescue their little fragment of love from all that money."

Time Treasured

***"Small Moments," by Richard Church** (Dutton. 182 pp. $5), is a volume of the author's contributions to* The Christian Science Monitor *in which he records his reactions to the minutiae of everyday living.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

"IN THESE days of megalomania," Richard Church begins, "one is tempted to be ashamed to record the microscopic events. . . . It is said to be childish, egocentric, to stoop to such fragmentary evidence, neglecting the large events of politics and the economies and ideologies of nations. . . . I resist the temptation, and glory in my frequent preoccupation with unimportant matters, the sweet asides of life, the odd events and the fleeting moments." Readers of his unique autobiography and of his poems will be very glad indeed that Mr. Church is not ashamed to record the small moments he treasures, for he has the Wordsworthian gift of making the minute big with significance as well as a joy in itself.

"There cannot be too much joy," Spinoza says and Mr. Church echoes what he has chosen for his epigraph in multiple ways. Wisely old, with his memory well stored and his senses yet alert, Mr. Church's personal pleasures can come to him almost any place. It can be from reading a book, like Eiluned Lewis's "In Country Places," that makes him remember again how "in country places the most ordinary task is continually lightened by a sense of spaciousness which makes for leisure of spirit." More often it is a country experience of his own—participating in the gaiety of a Kent harvest of oats, helping with the haying, growing tired, and soundly going to sleep by a hay mow, coming out in almost-spring dreariness and discovering suddenly the rooks repairing their homes, a robin singing, the bees already making the pleasant noise of busyness. Sometimes it is the importantly trivial things he discovers in another country, like noticing the quantity of swifts in Florence and that "the little local cheese, the *Pecorino*, tastes of fresh grass." Whatever the small moment may be, it is savored, relished, and communicated with that lack of self-consciousness and too artful sophistication that makes good his poems and his books about himself.

With such a book as "Small Moments," so varied in the experiences prose-poetically presented, next to simply saying, "Read," quotation is best:

> Today the silence is uncanny. I feel as though my ears are plugged with wool soaked in the unguents of sleep. A tiny mist, thread-thick, is laid along the bottom of the valley, an emanation from the stream that winds its way out to join the River Medway. . . .
>
> As day broke, I went out to watch a thin sliver of sickle moon, which hung below Venus in the southern sky. Below them, and eastward, the sky changed and flushed, silhouetting the hill-ridge and the line of forest. Suddenly two or three trees appeared to step forward. . . . Then the rim of the sun appeared, and I saw it thicken, rise, until a half-circle of crimson glory, dusted with morning, stood behind those few trees, which I could see now were pine trees. Close at hand, in a cedar, a mistel thrush began to shout his habitual defiance, great cadenzas of bravado. Somewhere, unlocatable, dim, distant, and hoarse, a cock crowed, and was answered by one even farther away, a mere ghost of acceptance, no challenge at all.

This passage, picked almost at random, should suggest the kind of experience the reading of "Small Moments" can bring. Mr. Church has, you see, the preciseness of observation of the naturalist, but he has as well the poetic sense, "a condition of natural worship in which the smallest object 'reveals' its symbol of eternity."

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Literary Horizons

Continued from page 17

friendship, tries to emulate him. Roger's gradual realization that he cannot be like Gib is one of the novel's themes.

The more important theme is the variety of love. Roger's neighbor, Margot, is deeply in love with Elizabeth, a young girl who is married to Margot's ex-husband. When the ex-husband dies, Elizabeth comes to live with Margot. Roger, who is married, not quite happily, not wholly unhappily, also falls in love with Elizabeth. Gib, naturally, wants to sleep with her—and does. The working out of all these relationships, as well as the highly ambiguous relationship between Roger and Gib, is done with considerable literary skill and subtlety.

Of our three novelists, Mr. Phelps is the most adventurous. Unlike the other two, he is never content to portray surfaces, but pushes down through stratum below stratum of each of his characters. At times, indeed, he is too insistently and obviously analytical, and that is his chief fault as a novelist, although not his only one. The novel gives a comprehensive account of the life of Catskill Bohemia, and some of the episodes run on and on. On the other hand, Mr. Phelps's insights are sometimes startling and always worth paying attention to, and the novel does make an impression.

I have said that the novels are moderately interesting as pictures of life in our times, but they do not lend themselves to generalization. The boy and girl in "The Fume of Poppies" are spoiled children, able to indulge themselves at the expense of their parents and resentful of parental interference. "A Legacy of Love" is the old story of romantic attachments and timid experiments in a provincial city. "Heroes and Orators" portrays one of the many annexes to Greenwich Village that are scattered around the country. Perhaps the only possible generalization is that our culture is less uniform than we sometimes suppose.

Criminal Record

MURDER TAKES A WIFE. *By James A. Howard. Dutton.* $2.95. Jeff Allen, spouse-slayer for hire (legitimate drug-selling is his cover), moves on to Fort Worth after Seattle coup; best people are eager for his services, but fate deals him a mean haymaker. Skilful, finely-managed production with superb air of plausibility and beautiful pace.

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THE BODY. *By Carter Brown. Signet.* 25¢. Long-heralded London-born, Australia-residing mystery writer makes American debut with sexy thriller wherein Lt. Al Wheeler, of Pine City (Calif.) sheriff's office, solves deaths of three call-girls; cosmeticians who ply craft in undertaking parlors are discovered; coöperating cops slightly miffed. Noisemaker.

THE STOPPED CLOCK. *By Joel Townsley Rogers. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50. Death hovers over five-times-wedded movie star of yesteryear in suburban Washington apartment as she relives worldwide career; names in cast include Sloke, Glore, Evenstellar, MacWhackenford; over-adjectived and superdetailed, also repetitve. Spotty.

DESIGN FOR AN ACCIDENT. *By Denise Egerton. Washburn.* $2.95. English tutor, out of jail after fatal car crash, accepts French post, grows suspicious as jinx tags along; adroit, competent writing plus deft character handling give this yarn real stature; motive is neatly hidden. Four stars.

BEGINNER'S LUCK. *By Paul Somers. Harper.* $2.95. Cub reporter on London newspaper pulls early bloopers, then hits jackpot by finding body in castle well; female competition a factor. Pleasant boy-meets-girl job, with cliff-hanger close-out.

SEEDS OF MURDER. *By Jeremy York. Scribners.* $2.95. English builder plots death of man who knows his record; eight-year-old orphan boy is trained to do dirty work; motor fatalities and arson included in bill of particulars; characters tightly fitted to scenario. Highly contrived.—SERGEANT CUFF.

Publisher's Poll

Continued from page 19

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Oxford

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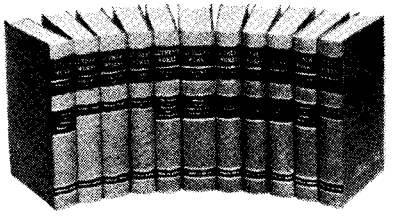

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The Editor

Continued from page 16

journey through life. Can one write a convincing biography if he has not himself confessed to fear, envy, suspicion, all the less endearing sins and frustrations of life? Let a man try writing about Sir Francis Bacon if he has never experienced jealousy, about Florence Nightingale if he has not been driven by a passion for achievement, about Proust if he has never felt neurotic fear. Or no, let him not try. Because his effort will be an offense, not only against literature but against life.

The biographer meets his problem, head-on, with each incident in the life of his subject, each triumph or defeat his hero has endured. If the reader is to be convinced—if, indeed, he is not to lay down the book unfinished—there must be philosophy, a point of view behind the historical incident that the author describes. For better or for worse there must be feeling behind it, a particular bias and historical judgment. Such a personal position forces the biographer to think, forces him to penetrate into his characters and his scenes and to ask himself the terrifying question, "Why am I writing this scene? Why have I set it in this chapter? And why did I think the scene so important in the first place?"

Often enough it is an editor who asks these questions of the author. Such an editor does for the writer approximately what a try-out audience does for the playwright. A play tries out in Boston. If the playwright has written funny dialogue and no laugh comes, he doctors his lines until they win a response. Lindsay and Crouse, one or the other of them, told me that when a funny line—they called it a gag line—did not reach across the footlights, they had long ago discovered it was not the gag line that was at fault, but the leadup. "We hadn't led up to it," they said. "We hadn't set it, the audience wasn't prepared."

It is worth thinking about, not for the sake of winning laughs, but in a dozen applications and for all forms of writing: fiction, articles, essays, biography, or even poetry.

THE GREAT Gibbon wrote, we are told, his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" without showing a page to anyone. "Not a sheet," he said, "has been seen by any human eyes, excepting those of the author and printer; the faults and merits are exclusively my own."

Gibbon was ten years in writing that book. Ten years of solitary immersion. The thought of it unsettled me at first. Since then the thought has occurred that the "Decline and Fall" might not have been the worse for a bit of criticism, here and there. I do not mean "smoothing out." Gibbon needed no smoothing out; his paragraphs rise and fall with the majesti rhythm of his century and his disposition. Yet perhaps a little less majesty, on occasion, might have been suitable? Walter Bagehot, who managed to write both wisely and wittily about the British Constitution, intimates that the trouble with Gibbon was he did not know the difference between himself and the Roman Empire. Surely, the right editor might have hinted at it?

As for smoothing out, no reader of books in his senses wishes to see pages made oily with rewriting. Better to have rough pages, with the heartbeat and hiccoughs sounding through—all the dirt and clamor of life. Editing is by no means synonymous with smoothing out, or with "pruning"—though it may be added that pruning does not destroy the tree. Pruning makes the tree grow stronger, the fruit tastier and bigger. Your good editor may ask for a scene to be written at more length rather than at less; I have in my time had this experience in writing biography.

The young writer is apt to look for too much from editors. It is well to remember that editors do not chart courses, solve literary problems and tell the author how to proceed. An editor is not a papa, a father image who will take the author's burdens from his shoulders. The writer who looks for an editor to do his writing for him is defeated before he starts, and his editor with him. An editor can say what is wrong with a page or a chapter. He can say where a scene fails, where it has not made its effect. In short, he can say where the writing does not communicate and convince, and where it does.

But no author succeeds or fails through the editorial office. When the writer leaves his editor and goes home, he will once more be alone with his manuscript; he will follow his road in solitude. His is the risk and his the fall, his the eventual triumph or disgrace. It is well for him to listen to his editor, his critic; and well for him to talk back, to defend his thesis, as the schoolmen used to say. Whether or not the author agrees with his editor, it will have been a privilege to think in good company—and a quite rare privilege. William Faulkner dedicated one of his books to Saxe Commins, his editor at Random House. "We never always saw eye to eye," Faulkner wrote, "but we were always looking at the same thing."

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1281

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

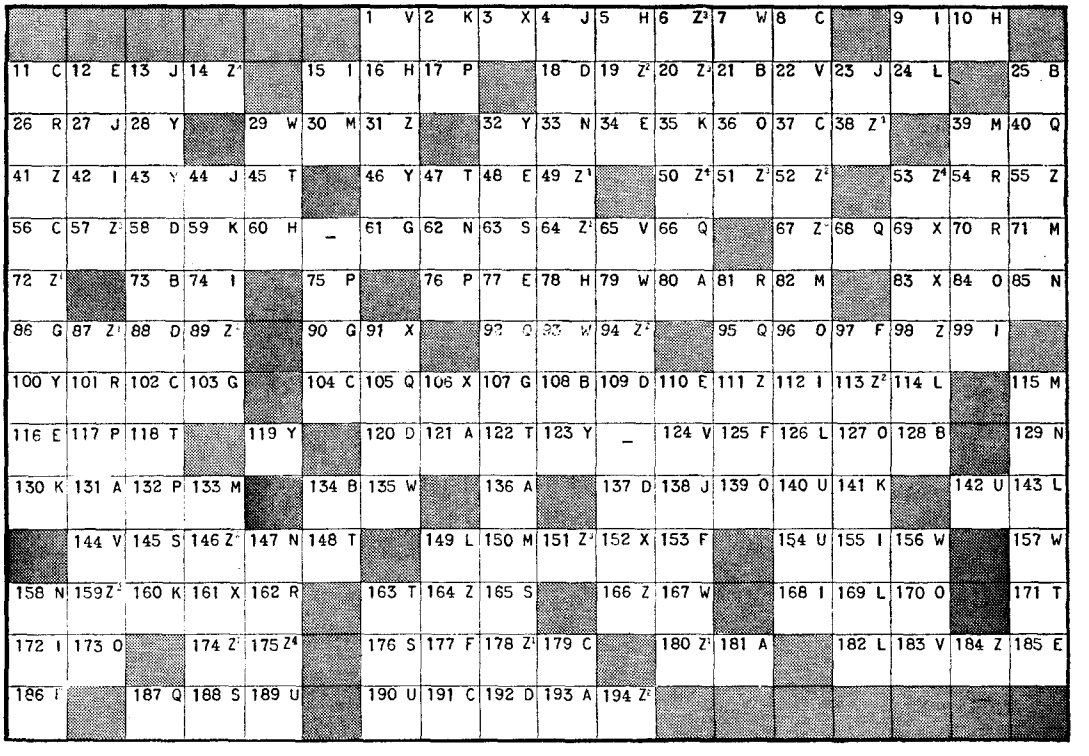
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A kind of loose overcoat, named for a British general.	193 80 131 121 136 181
B. At command (2 wds.).	73 128 25 134 108 21
C. Unavailing; useless.	104 191 102 11 37 179 56 8
D. Certain card game, named for the combination, queen of spades and jack of diamonds.	120 58 18 109 137 192 88
E. To gape.	116 34 12 185 110 48 77
F. Savor of cooking.	186 97 153 177 125
G. Glower.	61 86 90 103 107
H. Furnish with gear again.	78 16 10 5 60
I. Alive; said of cattle (3 wds.).	172 15 112 99 42 155 9 168 74
J. Disclose to view.	138 23 27 44 13 4
K. Ordinary cursive Arabic script.	59 2 35 141 160 130
L. Arboreal marsupial mammal of Australia	24 182 149 114 169 143 126
M. Four-door automobile with sliding glass partition behind the chauffeur (2 wds.).	133 150 115 82 39 71 30
N. Pertaining to a master.	62 33 147 158 129 85
O. A significant appellation.	36 84 139 170 96 127 173

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
P. The keeping awake for the purpose of guarding.	17 75 117 76 132
Q. Away from.	40 92 187 95 68 105 66
R. Great English comedy by *Sheridan, 1775 (following "The").*	54 81 70 26 101 162
S. Small freshwater fish of the Old World.	165 188 63 176 145
T. Former heir to the throne of France.	45 163 122 148 118 47 171
U. The dovekie *(Alle alle);* first professor of meteorology at Harvard.	189 142 154 140 190
V. Silky pouch in which a spider carries the next generation (2 wds.).	65 124 183 144 22 1
W. Where the motorist pays a fee for travel over a special highway.	135 167 93 157 7 29 79 156
X. Specifying a traveler by costliest accommodations (2 wds. with "class")	3 152 91 106 69 83 161
Y. *Beautiful plant abhorred* by the allergic.	43 119 100 46 123 28 32
Z. Good news.	55 41 184 111 166 31 164
Z^1. Pertaining to the forehead.	178 72 174 180 64 87 98
Z^2. Monocle.	52 94 19 159 113 146 89 194
Z^3. Pertaining to the back of the neck.	6 151 57 51 20 67
Z^4. Great new "star," 1572, which was even visible by day.	50 38 53 49 175 14

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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Hear them, and you can almost see them...72 splendid musicians in red-and-black Napoleonic uniform, instruments shining and gold braid swinging as they march down *les boulevardes*. Here is their latest high fidelity recording: fanfares, regimental 'calls to colors' and French military marches from La Garde Républicaine..."a sight to see and musically probably the finest organization of its kind in the world" (*Newsweek*). A pulse-quickening, heart-warming, toe-tapping experience recommended as an "antidote to the ennui that besets us all!" (*American Record Guide*).

En Avant...Marche! **Angel 35507**

Also from La Garde Républicaine:

French Military Music (history of French marches from the Revolution to World War II) **Angel 35051**

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From the Highlands...

Regimental Band and Massed Pipers of the Scots Guards **Angel 35271**

Scots Guards on Parade **Angel 35337**

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From Rome...

The Carabinieri Band of Rome **Angel 35371**

From Austria...

The Deutschmeister Band **Angel 35498**

Vienna on Parade (with the Singing Boys and Girls of the Vienna Woods) **Angel 35499**

From England...

Regimental Band of the Coldstream Guards **Angel 35370**

From the U.S.S.R....

Soviet Army Chorus and Band **Angel 35411**

Piano

ASHKENAZY plays RACHMANINOFF, LISZT, PROKOFIEV

Second Angel recording by the 20-year-old Russian pianist whose "astonishing technique and innate musical awareness" have already seen him hailed as a "potential Rubinstein" (*High Fidelity*). Vladimir Ashkenazy will be making his first U.S. tour this year.

Rachmaninoff: Variations on a Theme of Corelli
Liszt: Mephisto Waltz No. 1 and Feux Follets
Prokofiev: Sonata No. 7 in B Flat, Op. 83 **Angel 35647**

ANDA plays CHOPIN PIANO CONCERTO No. 1 in E Minor, Op. 11

"First class virtuoso" (*New York Times*). With The Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Alceo Galliera. **Angel 35631**

CZIFFRA plays TRANSCRIPTIONS, IMPROVISATIONS, PARAPHRASES

"Not since Horowitz' retirement have such pyrotechnics been heard" (*Chicago American*).

Rimsky-Korsakov: Flight of the Bumble Bee
Brahms: Hungarian Dance No. 5
Khatchaturian: Sabre Dance
Vecsey: Valse Triste • Cziffra: Rumanian Fantasy
Strauss: Tritsch Tratsch Polka and Blue Danube Waltz
Rossini: William Tell **Angel 35610**

Vocal

BIRGIT NILSSON sings WAGNER and VERDI ARIAS

THRILLING ANGEL DEBUT

In her Covent Garden debut last year as Brünnhilde in *Götterdämmerung*, this young Swedish soprano excited critics and audience alike! Ernest Newman (*London Times*) exclaimed, "Great beauty of tone...it rejoices me to have lived long enough to hear and see a young Brünnhilde of such present accomplishment and such future promise!" With The Philharmonia Orchestra, Leopold Ludwig, Conductor.

Wagner: Arias from The Flying Dutchman, Tännhauser, Lohengrin, Tristan and Isolde
Verdi: Arias from Un Ballo in Maschera, La Forza del Destino, Aida **Angel 35540**

FISCHER-DIESKAU sings SCHUBERT LIEDER

When Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau sang Schubert's *Die Winterreise* in its entirety, without intermission, at his American debut in New York's Town Hall, the N.Y. Herald-Tribune called him "unquestionably the major German art song interpreter of our era." Here are 13 more Schubert songs, including three from *Schwanengesang*, sung in his "marvellous voice, used with great intelligence" (*Gramophone*). With Gerald Moore, Pianist.

Angel 35624

Opera

IDOMENEO

Mozart's first *opera seria*...first performed on his twenty-fifth birthday...here recorded for the first time in its entirety by the *Glyndebourne Festival Opera* (which observes its own twenty-fifth birthday next season). The meticulous, magnificent performances of Mozart operas first established the Glyndebourne reputation for "admirable standards" and "near perfection." Sung by Richard Lewis, Léopold Simoneau, Sena Jurinac, Lucille Udovick and others, with the Glyndebourne Festival Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by John Pritchard.

3 records (*illustrated line-by-line libretto*) **Angel Album 3574 C/L**

Orchestral

GUIDO CANTELLI conducts BEETHOVEN SYMPHONY No. 7

Almost two years ago Guido Cantelli, 36, died in an air crash en route to New York and thus deprived the world of a musician and interpreter destined to belong "to the first rank of orchestral conductors of our time" (*N.Y. Herald-Tribune*). In this recording of Beethoven's Seventh (which the composer himself considered one of his very best), Maestro Cantelli reveals his phenomenal command of the orchestra and—above all—his superb musical taste. Recorded with The Philharmonia Orchestra. **Angel 35620**

Violin

IGOR OISTRAKH plays TCHAIKOVSKY and SAINT-SAENS

Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto in D Major, Op. 35
Saint-Saëns: Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 28

Recorded with the Pro Arte Orchestra, Wilhelm Schuechter, Conductor.

"Russians have already acclaimed the senior Oistrakh as the world's greatest fiddler, and now they have a Prince Igor to go along with their King David," wrote the N.Y. Herald-Tribune of Igor Oistrakh's first Angel recording, the Khatchaturian *Violin Concerto*. Here is new evidence of the artistry which has critics calling him "A chip off the old block" (*High Fidelity*).

Angel 35517

ANGEL

"Aristocrats of High Fidelity"

ANGEL RECORDS, NEW YORK CITY

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Perennial Stokowski, the Unaging Markova

THE audience which attended the orchestral concert in Carnegie Hall on the last Thursday of September had a preview of the "previews" which are to be regular events there all winter. However, the conductor who talked to the audience was not Leonard Bernstein but Leopold Stokowski, beginning the fiftieth year of his career on the podium. This proves that there is nothing new, musically, in talking conductors, though this one discovered something new in musical history by saying that "Bach was cast into a pauper's grave."

This was apropos the purpose of the Contemporary Music Society which sponsored the concert, and attested to Stokowski's hope that if such endeavors were more general the tragic fate of Mozart and Schubert might be averted. He did not add that Richard Strauss became wealthy from composing (for all the difficulty of performing his music), that Brahms was substantially rewarded from his creations, and even the late Ralph Vaughan Williams, whose Ninth Symphony had its first performance on this program, rejected a knighthood but lived as well as he chose to for eighty-six years.

However, it is not the function of musicians to make sense, but to make music—and this Stokowski did in generous measure, so far as the material at hand permitted. In truth, the program was not a very good example of the needy being helped, for Paul Creston's "Toccata" had been played by the Cleveland Orchestra which commissioned it, Alan Hovhaness's "Mysterious Mountain" is in the repertory of half a dozen orchestras and has been recorded by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony, and Riegger's "New Dance" is a staple of the literature of a man to whom program annotator Jacqueline Steiner handsomely awarded the accolade "dean of American composers." The only truly unfamiliar name was that of the Chilean Juan Orrego-Salas, whose "Obertura Festiva" showed this forty-year-old composer to possess plentiful facility and a predilection for the noisier instruments of the orchestra.

For the matter of that, much of the other music sounded like typical Stokowski transcriptions—richly, lustrously scored, with an evocative surge of sound latent at all times, and a predictably rousing conclusion. This is not directly, or inferentially, an indictment of Creston, Hovhannes, or Riegger—the Vaughan Williams was quite another matter—but the consequence of the truism that an orchestra conducted by Stokowski becomes a Stokowski orchestra. This one, basically, was the City Center ensemble, beginning with its young pretty concertmistress Marilyn Wright, and it gave out with a sonority and brilliance attesting again to the miracle-working properties of the taut-trim figure in charge. Long experience has given him the courage to revise the orchestra's seating plan to the advantage of the weaker woodwinds (English horn, bassoon, etc.) which have been brought forward to the conductor's right, just beyond a pair of violas which lead that section. Celli and basses are grouped at the left rear, with the brass flanking them to the right. It makes for marvelous sound, and sound, after all, is what makes music.

For all these peripheral matters to precede discussion of the program suggests—correctly—that the music, *per se,* was not of overpowering interest. The most anticipation attached to the Vaughan Williams Ninth (putting him in the circle with Beethoven, Schubert, Bruckner, etc., which Mahler sought to avoid by *not* calling "Lied von der Erde" a symphony). If not exactly "the mixture as before" it is in large measure a regrouping of ideas and impulses he has acquainted us with in works prior to this final one of his eighty-fifth year. It makes sport with such orchestral interlopers as saxophones and the flugelhorn, and it is altogether of a piece, sonorously. But, unlike the frolicsome Eighth, it shows few fresh aspects of his magnificent talent, rather a musing over "old, unhappy far-off things, and battles long ago." I don't doubt that, in a summing-up of Vaughan Williams' symphonic writing, it will have its place as a valedictory, but, of itself, it neither "finalizes" nor perorates. As Bruckner wrote a "Romantic" and Nielsen an "Expansiva," this might be known as Vaughan Williams's "Retrospective," to go with the "London," the "Pastorale," and the "Antarctica."

The Creston is a typically competent orchestra creation, rather too much concerned, it seemed to me, with its sixty-five rhythmic variations on the scheme ¾, too little with a direct emotional communication. The Hovhaness is full of lilt and ingenuity, also an evasion of some binding elements in the harmonic scheme which leaves it, to this ear, amorphous and insubstantial, though fine-sounding. Riegger's "New Dance" (1935) is still a dancy piece, if far from new, and certainly a long way from the music recently composed by Riegger which merits consideration from a society calling itself "Contemporary." Like Samuel Barber's "Adagio," it is "modern music" for conductors who do not want to play really modern music. (This is not a question of worth, but terminology.) In any case, if anybody should ask, like Peterkin in Southey's "Battle of Blenheim," "What good came of it at last," one could answer, in paraphrase "Why, that I cannot tell, but it was a famous concert."

TO SAY that Alicia Markova is the best Giselle of modern times is to characterize her with a superlative that is nevertheless inconclusive. After watching her recent appearances with the American Ballet Theatre in the Metropolitan, it seems fair to say that she is the only Giselle of modern times who has combined lightness with body, gaiety with despair, the earthly with the ethereal in predestined proportions.

It seems fairly unbelievable, when Markova slips through the cottage door for her entrance, barely touching the floor as she circles the stage, that not years but decades have passed since she was a novice with the Diaghileff company. But who is to measure the years that go into her kind of mastery, with its swift transitions from giddy enchantment to bleak despair? What is more remarkable is that she retains a buoyancy and precision, a muscular control and a spiritual poise that must cause her colleagues only despair—envy would be pointless. Some virtuoso passages were abbreviated or bypassed, but the musicality of her performance more than compensated. Otherwise, it was the usual kind of Ballet Theatre "Giselle," with a dapper but not too moodful ensemble, a lightfooted, somewhat superficial Albrecht by Erik Bruhn, and Lupe Serrano as a superior Myrtha.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

The Musings of Miles

By J. LEE ANDERSON

ALTHOUGH Miles Davis is likely to impress the casual listener as a transient trumpeter who wandered in to blow a set or two, among the discerning in the United States and abroad he is the boss. And like the incandescent Charlie Parker, one of Miles's totems, his conceptually mature remarks have been absorbed by instrumentalists other than those of his kind. "One thing about Miles," a leading West Coast musician says, "today his position is something like Louie's was back in Chicago thirty years ago or Dizzy's place in the 1940s. Miles may not have the popular appeal of either of those guys, but he's felt very strongly among musicians. Everything that he blows sounds *right*. Louis, Coleman Hawkins, Bird, a lot of people had that. All those guys had the fever —a great deal of emotion to their playing. That's something that either comes across—wham!—or it doesn't. Miles gets across."

If Davis has a fault for the sensitive critics, it is that of confirmed non-conformist. Since the 1940s, when his first records appeared, there have been scattered squawks from those who didn't dig a musician who put the jazz first and perfect chops *(Trans: "lips.)* second. Truly, throughout his career there has been a propensity toward choruses embellished by a cracked C here, a fluffed F there. But slowly and steadily, in spite of molehills of acclaim and mountains of personal difficulties, the reputation has grown. Over the years, Davis has maintained an armadillo-like indifference to critical nagging. Of the individualist, trombonist J. J. Johnson says, "On the subject of recording, the one guy who comes to my mind in particular is Miles. I've recorded with Miles and I know how he operates. Most of the time he goes into the studio and one take is it! Goofs or not, there's no second or third take. That's his philosophy on the recording bit."

Davis at work in the caves where jazz is manufactured is an independent who has been known to blow chorus upon chorus, faultlessly built, but marred by a juicy, bubbling static. The master had neglected to clear the moisture from his horn before takeoff—and so what! Miles, too, is a wanderer, a compulsive stroller who, upon the discharge of his obligations to the ensemble, will step down from the stand, horn under arm, plotting a path to the *lavatorium* or a booth where an admiring coterie awaits. But for all the seeming nonchalance, Davis remains sternly judicial of his own performance. Of an LP that received wide applause he remarked: "Well, that record got five stars in a review but I never liked that date. It wasn't balanced right, the bass player was drunk, and I was out of tune. I think it could have come off a little better than it did."

The Davis break with his own idols and the move toward the inherent role of prophet officially began with the series of neoclassic sides recorded for Capitol in January/April, 1949, and March, 1950. Capitol, a major label with a jazz program that is virtually non-existent, has seen fit to reissue the works of Davis and assorted friends in a twelve-inch LP collection under the appropriate banner, "Birth of the Cool" (Capitol T 762).

Miles, remembering the long hours of preparation, the frustrations, the pure pain that went into the making of those ground-breakers, presses his temples and grimaces at the memories: "We weren't thinking about working or recording, just writing. I used to write quite a bit then. I sent John Lewis a letter—he was in Paris—and he came back and started writing for us. I had a group at that time with Max Roach, Walter Bishop, Nelson Boyd, and Sonny Rollins and one night Lennie Otis, who was representing a branch of Capitol, came in to hear us. He gave me his card and I decided to go up there and see what was happening. One thing led to another and they signed the big band to record. Pete Rugulo was musical director then; I think that Pete had something to do with it.

"We made twelve sides altogether with the group. Some of them were so bad that I asked Capitol not to release them, but they did anyway. And those sessions were so much trouble! Everyone in the band was nervous. And at every rehearsal, there were these little cliques. Gerry was always looking at me so that I wouldn't play anything fast. He didn't like to play fast then and Max was about to drive him nuts. A couple of the guys were studying composition and they'd always have their heads together. Everyone was tense.

"Gerry wrote the easiest arrangements—well, just a good sound. They were the only things that came off happy and good and quick. Gerry told me once that he was never able to get that same sound again. But I think that we did plan it pretty good. The band had a sound because we voiced the music a certain way. We'd play it on tape and listen to it and if there were any notes sticking up, we'd take them out. You know, sometimes you write a chord and give a certain note to the wrong horn and it sticks out. But those sessions got harder and harder to do. The first records were pretty easy, the second date took a little more time. At the last, everyone had a headache. We'd end up staying up all night rescoring eight bars or rewriting a part. We couldn't get the sound right. I'd come to the date and my lips would be puffed up from staying up all night. Luckily, we did get a couple of jobs out of it. I think we worked about six weeks with the whole thing. We were just experimenting. It was kind of a nervous thing, kind of an off-edge sound for those times. But a nice sound. Then, we didn't have much of a name so we just broke it up."

MILES might have been a fiddler except for a quirk of fate. "When I was about thirteen," he recalls, "my mother wanted to get me a violin for my birthday but my father brought home a trumpet so that was it." There was the period of apprenticeship: "I studied with a guy who had played trumpet with Andy Kirk. He taught me to blow without the vibrato." The early gigs: "I played with the Blue Devils around St. Louis. We had a band that sounded just like the Savoy Sultans." An intense preoccupation with the strange, new sounds of modern jazz: "In high school, we used to buy old jukebox records for a dime apiece. We listened to Jay McShann records like "Hootie Blues" and "Swingmatism" to hear Charlie Parker, and we listened to Dizzy, Jimmie Lunceford, Billy Eckstine, and Boyd Raeburn."

"When Billy Eckstine came to St. Louis in 1944," says Miles, "another guy and I went down to hear the band. We'd just come from a rehearsal so I had my horn with me. As soon as we walked in the door, this guy ran up to me and asked, 'Do you have a union card?' It was

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Dizzy. I didn't even know him! So I told him, 'Yeah, I've got a card.' 'Well,' he said, 'come on, man. We need a trumpet player.' We wanted to hear the band and I could always read so I got on the stand. But as soon as the band started playing, I couldn't read a note. I was frozen! But I did hear Dizzy and Bird blowing together. I worked with the band about three weeks—the greatest band any place, any time!"

Another major influence was the long association with the mercurial altoist, Charlie Parker. Miles reminisces, "When I got out of high school I thought that my parents wanted me to go to school down in Tennessee. I was scared to death that they were going to send me down there! They finally said that I could go to New York to Juilliard. That was it! I ran into Charlie Parker there and we started rooming together and playing together. I stayed at Juilliard for a couple of years. I had plans—but it was so hard. I realized that I wasn't going to get in any symphony orchestra and I had to go down the Street every night and play with Coleman Hawkins or Bird. I had to make up my mind to either go this way or that way. I quit school and started playing with Bird.

"I used to play under him all the time. I guess that's the way that Chet Baker did with Gerry. When Bird would play a melody, I'd play just under him and let him lead the note, swing the note. The only thing that I'd add would be a larger sound. I used to quit every night when I was playing with that guy. I'd say, 'What do you need me for?' That man could swing a whole band. One of the record companies should have recorded him with a good big band. Then you would have heard something!"

As an acutely accurate, let-the-chips-fall observer of the jazz scene, he is virtually without competition from the de-fanged critics or his fellows.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: "Louie? I like him! I just started really listening to him a few years ago. I like everything that he does—except when he opens his mouth to say something against modern music. He should realize that he was a pioneer, too. Louie does a good job, though, when he goes overseas. People really dig him. I dig him myself. With Louie's personality, I guess that's the thing to do—send him to Europe on a good-will tour. But I say they should go down South. Good will! Send the bands around down South and that'll help the good will. They don't need it over there as much as they do in Mississippi."

DAVE BRUBECK: "What do I think of Brubeck? Don't ask me that! Dave's a good friend of mine, but every time I hear him I get ill. I don't like Desmond, either. Hampton Hawes split a weekend with Brubeck and afterwards he told me, 'Miles, they were playing cottage cheese and pineapple and we were playing cabbage and clabber'."

THELONIOUS MONK: "I like to listen to Monk play and watch his feet. The beat that you'd ordinarily hear on top of the piano. Monk plays down there. He doesn't play good with another instrumentalist, though. That's why I told him to lay out behind the horns on a couple of our record dates."

GERRY MULLIGAN: "They made some good records together, Gerry and Chet. Gerry's the brain. He can fit a harmonica and a baritone together."

TURK MURPHY: "Turk Murphy's got a good band. You know, that kind of music sounds real good if it's played right. The style doesn't matter. Take Sidney Bechet. He'd swing any group. If you like a musician or a singer, you don't have to ask anyone how he sounds. When you listen to Frank Sinatra, you get a chill up your back and you know that you like it."

WEST COAST MUSIC: "You know what's wrong with the music on the Coast? Smog!! I've heard a lot of bad music coming from the Coast. Some of the arrangements are good but they die because there are no soloists. You've got to have a good rhythm section and you have to have the guys that fit together. I remember when J. J. Johnson, Sonny Rollins, and I used to make those Monday nights at Birdland. I'd never play unless the three of us were together. We'd sound as though we'd been rehearsing for months because everything fit. You should have a horn player that can drive a little bit, too. You can't play lazy all the time. Maybe the climate has something to do with the guys playing the way they do. I know it makes my eyes water."

FOR every Armstrong or Ellington who moves resolutely across the years, there are the others, men of something resembling genius who leave the earlier promises unfulfilled. Miles, too, in the pursuance of a goal has dallied, has lacked continuity. Largely dormant during the early 1950's under the pressing weight of personal woes, Miles came to the Newport Jazz Festival in July 1955 as one more marcher in a long parade of trumpet players. His terse performance, a happy ending worthy of the wide screen, roused the surfeited thousands gathered in Freebody Park. He strolled off stage as a hero. Several pointed references to this "comeback" in the jazz journals

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Davis at work: "I used to quit every night when I was playing with Charlie Parker."

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Recordings Reports: Jazz

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
"Blues and Brass." Composed, conducted, and orchestrated by Elmer Bernstein. Decca DL 8686, $3.98. "Blues at Five"; "Jubilation"; "Exotica"; "The Poor People of Brazil"; "Central Park—4 AM"; "Wild and Crazy"; Hop, Skip, but Jump"; "Smooth; Lament in Five"; "Just a Little Jazz"; "Nightcap"; "Return of the Man."	Bernstein's past history includes scorings for the films "The Man With the Golden Arm," "Sweet Smell of Success," "The Ten Commandments." Here, aided by an assistant who presumably called the roll at the beginning and end of each session (twenty-seven "first desk" contemporary musicians were mustered for the date, and six were under contractual commitments to other record companies), Elmer Bernstein does an all-out job of exploring the orchestral tone-palette as evolved by such men as Ellington, Kenton, Basie, *et al.* There are Ducal growls, Kentonian shrills, and echoes of the riding, Kansas City riff. Bernstein's chief aim, as orchestrator, seems to be to play down the long solo and exploit blendings of orchestral tones in a very close-knit and sophisticated musical structure. Recording suffers a little from the difficult mix-panel job of balancing a subtle and relatively quiet rhythm section, in which drummer Shelley Manne stars, against a rambunctious outfield of clamorous brass.
"Plenty of Horn." Paul Horn and fourteen friends (no name given to this recording group) Dot DLP 9002, $4.98. "Chloe"; "A Parable"; "Blues for Tom"; "Romanze"; "Yesterdays"; "Moods for Horn," etc.	The mood of Hindemith chamber music occasionally stalks this contemplative series of orchestrations built around the solo virtuosities of Paul Horn, who plays flute, alto flute, piccolo, clarinet, and alto saxophone. There are occasional folkish moods that sound like pastoral business, but perhaps this is just because these pipes belong to Pan. The thoughtful and subtle percussion section, made up of claves and vibes (Larry Bunker), conga (Mongo Santamaria) and drums (Shelley Manne again) is subtly integrated in the scoring, no less in the engineering.
"Goin' Steady With the Blues." Skeets McDonald. Capitol T1040, $3.98. "Goin' Steady," "Yard and a Half," "Hawaiian Sea Breeze," etc.	The cover might give the impression that another kind of blues was to be heard. In "country style," McDonald is nasal and hillish, singing "tell my mother her problem child's gone wrong." No problem at all.
"Jazz New York." Manny Albam and His Jazz Greats. Dot DLP 9004, $4.98. "Thruway"; "They All Laughed"; "In a Mist"; "Fresh Flute"; "Dot's Right"; "Hebe; the Cups Please!" etc.	Albam's group (he has expressed a preference for "six brass and four reeds with rhythm") is a tightly disciplined crew of better-than-competent musicians who seem willing enough to go along with a leader who gives them nervous, jumpy arrangements with a fair blend of solo spots. All kinds of proficiencies are displayed, yet the net result is taut and harassed. Perhaps this is a style, and perhaps this is New York. Good recording.
"French Without Tears." Maurice Médoc and his Orchestra. United Artists UAL 30005, $4.98.	Recording balance so poor one can hardly hear the pianist on a record bearing his name. In spite of the liner, which tries to link Médoc to jazz because he is French and the French like *le jazz hot*, this is café music with a *soupcon* of *le ricky-ticky*.
"Dixieland and New Orleans Jazz." 12 re-issues. RCA Camden CAL 446, $1.98. "Original Dixieland One-Step"; "High Society"; "Royal Garden Blues"; "What Is This Thing Called Love"; "West End Blues"; "Lost"; "Dixieland Stomp"; "San"; "Jazz Me Blues"; "Shirt Tail Stomp"; "New Orleans Twist"; "Farewell Blues."	This LP presents a number of the least interesting performances that RCA Victor, looking cellarward, could have exhumed from its Camden vaults for re-issue under a misleading title. If its purpose was to demonstrate that latter-day, enfeebled New Orleans jazz musicians and their imitators and parodists were working an exhausted vein, then it has succeeded in making a point that belongs to history. But we question peddling a footnote under guise of a chapter head. Aside from the light sprinkling of New Orleans musicians represented by the first five bands, the remainder of the record is made up of selections played by Mezz Mezzrow, Paul Whiteman, Chubby Jackson Bunny Berigan, Ben Pollack, Gene Gifford, and the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street.
"Afro-Cuban Influence." The Big Band of Shorty Rogers. RCA Victor LPM 1763, $3.98. "Wuaycañjanga" (Suite): "Manteca"; "Moon over Cuba"; "Viva Puente"; "Un Poco Loco."	Another posse of twenty-seven men clutters up a Hollywood sound stage to produce another jangling, brangling epic of Technicolor-inspired fiesta music. There are first-rate talents here, and some effort has been made to realize, in the scorings, the feel of Afro-Cuban musics. The percussive effects are stunning and ingenious; a drum section of eight men plus a specialty maracas wielder is, although not novel, infrequent enough to be worth noting and hearing. The first two to three minutes of the "Suite," "Wuayacañjanga," get under way to twenty-six chantings of its title by soloists and choral groups, and by this time we had settled down for a long evening.
"College 'Classics'." Bob Scobey's Frisco Jazz Band with Clancy Hayes. RCA Victor LPM 1700, $3.98. "Working on the Railroad," "Old Gray Bonnet," "Old Harvest Moon," "Old Gang of Mine," etc.	Brash renderings of campus favorites at just about the right level of brashness; nothing new here, just a solid, comfortable two-beat pulse coupled to post-graduate ebullience of the Frisco Jazz Band. Will reassure mothers who may have packed off any poor little old black sheep for their first year away from home.
"Down Beat Jazz Concert." Manny Albam; Tony Scott; Don Elliott; Paul Horn groups on stage. Dot DLP 9003, $4.98. "A Little Eye Opener"; "Blues for an African Friend"; "When Your Lover Has Gone"; "My Funny Valentine"; "Willow Weep for Me"; "Blues Over Easy."	The concert got under way with a jolt and a rumble from the big Manny Albam band, settled down for some quartet and quintet selections performed by groups under Tony Scott and Don Elliott, had another rumble with the Albam Jazz Greats, led into an impromptu session by a Paul Horn Quartet, then bowed out to an omnibus get-together which presumably left every one ready to go on to the nearest next stop. Jazz concerts at Town Hall have fallen into this pattern for a number of years, and it is an amiable one. There is a good, relaxed feeling in the big band's run-through of Albam's sheet work; it is reported on the liner that the men involved saw the sheets just one hour before curtain time. Tony Scott was brilliant in his "Blues for an African Friend." The record is a satisfactory, well-taped document of an affair not without its moments of eloquence.
"The Many Sides of Toshiko." Toshiko Akiyoshi, pianist; John Hanna, drums; Eugene Cherico, bass. Verve MGV 8273, $4.98. "The Man I Love," "Studio J"; "Tosh's Fantasy"; "Bags Groove"; "Imagination," etc.	After hearing this engaging demonstration of Miss Akiyoshi's strength and skill at the keyboard, one can conclude that she has sides enough to reach from here to anywhere. Even more impressive, her "Fantasy"—an adaptation for trio of the third movement of her "Jazz Suite for Orchestra"—is, as here performed, a much more cogent piece of musicianly thinking about jazz as composed music than any of the thumping, blown-up works put together by twenty-seven men and an assistant (see above) that have recently emanated from California sound stages. Add to this that she is at home with moods from fast to slow and in between, and that all are evoked with a sort of maddening precision combined with, one feels, a lilting dedication to the joys of improvisation. Good recording, even though it doesn't say so on the liner.
"Josephine Premice in Paris." No credit for orchestral accompaniment. Verve MGV 2102, $4.98. *"C'Etait Hier," "Mélancolie," "La Jeunesse," "On Ne Sait Jamais," "La Valse des Lilas,"* etc.	Paris must have a *faible* for Joséphines. Perhaps that's why, when this one first went on for her act in "a peasant dress and shoeless," as related on the liner, no one responded. Miss Baker knew better and so, too, did Napoleon's Josephine. But when the third Josephine re-appeared decked out in a Jacques Fath setting, she made it. In a raspy voice styled after Piaf but without Piaf's truly skillful, hammy projections, she manages to get through a number of songs that, on the soundtrack, sound pretty flat away from Fath. Those Frenchmen are never wrong. —Frederic Ramsey, Jr.

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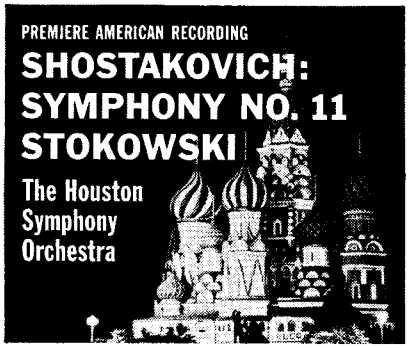

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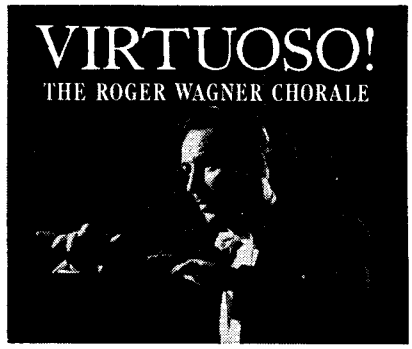

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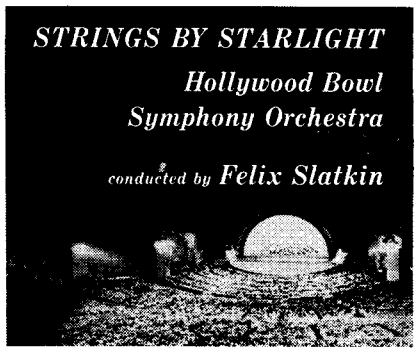

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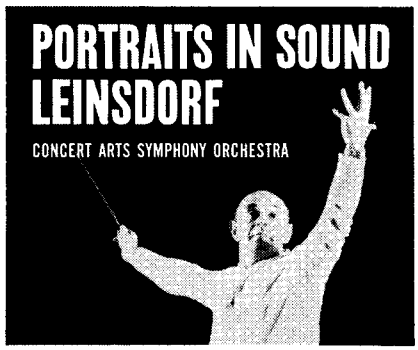

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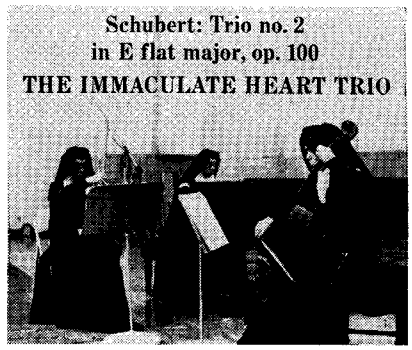

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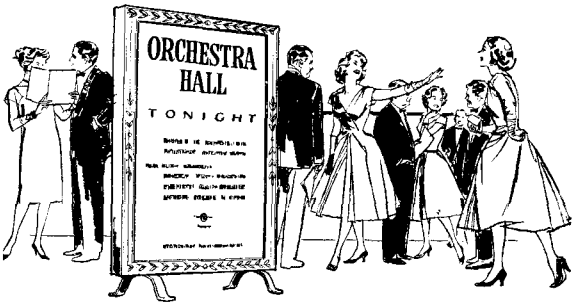
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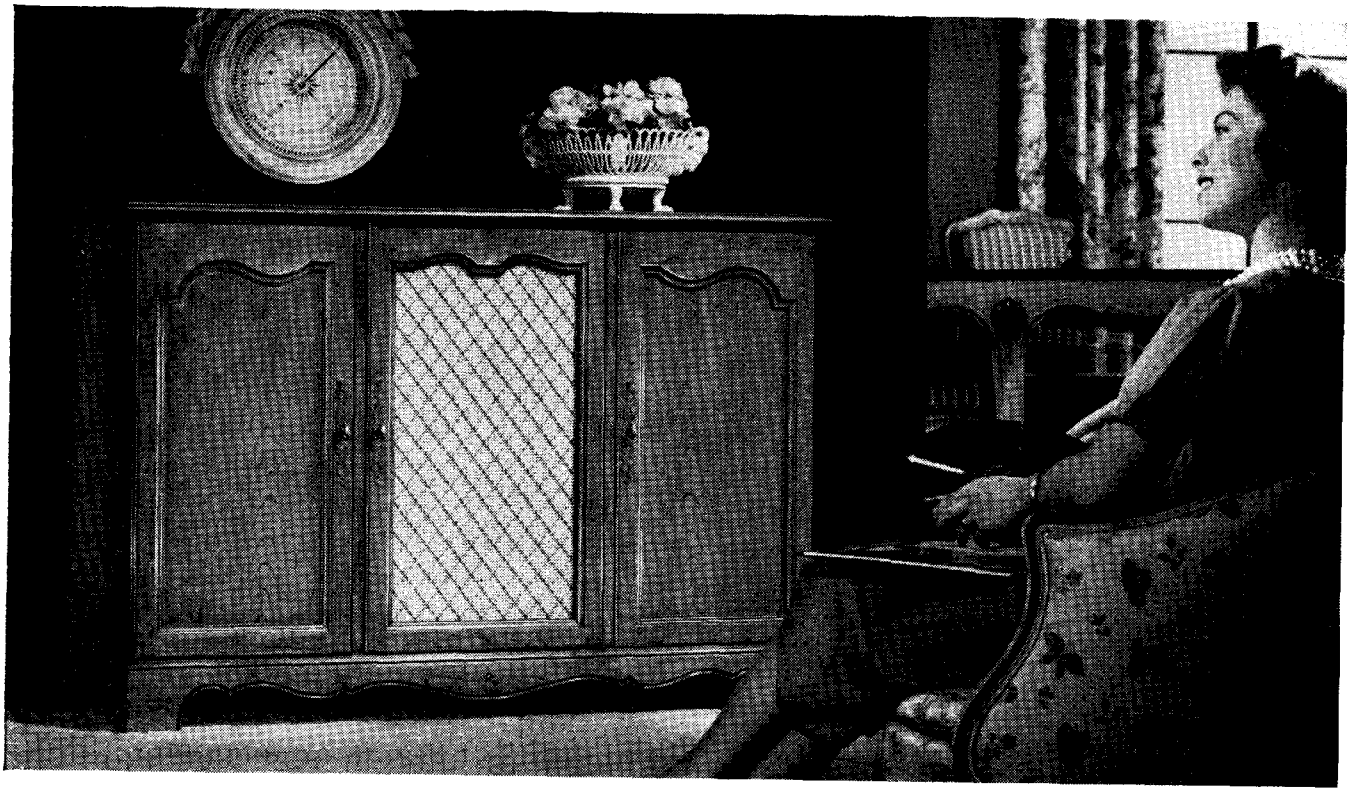

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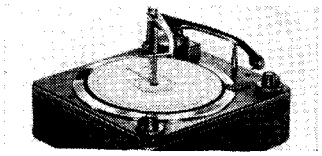

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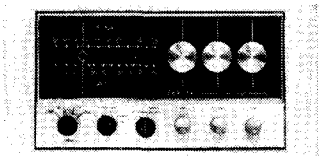

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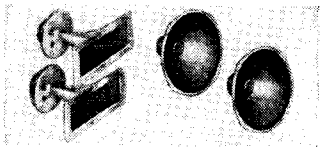

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Dancing to "Modern"

By JOHN MEHEGAN

THE functional aspects of jazz have undergone a vast metamorphosis since 1940. The dialectic of this transition can be traced from the middle Thirties when audiences danced to the Goodman band at the Hotel Pennsylvania and the jazz buffs stood on the balconies listening (thesis); the Carnegie Hall session with the same band in 1939 when people danced in the aisles (antithesis); the developments at Minton's that resolved this contradiction with the fell blowing of Dizzy and Bird.

This dialectic transformed jazz from one-nighter dance halls to international concert tours, and with these cascading events the audience painfully changed first its frame of reference and later its frame of deference from physical participation to the sedentary sackcloth of the immobile observer. By 1948 audiences were able to hold still for a four hour concert and as the lines of force shifted in a new evolving show business, jazz assumed the "prestige" concert role and the vacuum was filled by rock 'n roll.

These terms have existed for some years now, and as we have witnessed the increasing violence of rock 'n roll we have also seen the increasing innovation and enervation of jazz groups many of which today are, of their very own admission, no longer playing what is commonly known as jazz.

Thus, when the proposal was recently advanced at Martha's Vineyard to bring a modern jazz group from New York to play the annual dance instead of the local soggy seven, a quiet atmosphere of apprehension and curiosity pervaded the area around Chilmark. The feeling was that a modern jazz group (a hard group of the Parker-Gillespie type with three rhythm and two in the front line) would present a much too introspective aura to meet the convivial demands of a dance party; furthermore, the common opinion prevailed that one cannot dance to a "modern" (no beat or implied beat) jazz group.

The dance started at nine in the evening and the first two tunes were met with steely silence from the audience. The group continued to play, grooving tempos for a dance beat but making no further concession to the brooding anti-boppers. On the third tune, one brave couple made what they assumed was a valiant attempt to dance to a "bop" group and found to their amazement that the swing of the group offered an exciting catalyst for social dancing. By the sixth tune people were forcing their way onto an already crowded dance floor. It seems important to add that this was preponderantly an adult audience.

The dance ended at 2:24 a.m. with repeated exhortations for "one more," proving, at least to this writer, that blowing jazz can be played on the musicians' terms for both dancing and listening.

Since many of the big jazz bands in the last decade have refused to play dances, the field has been abandoned to non-jazz society groups and rock 'n roll groups. The influx of South American dances seems to have become more overwhelming since the jazz musician has forsaken dance music. Can this be the reason that the dance public has turned to these exotic dance forms with their rhythmic emphasis and harmonic indigence which can be performed mechanically by most musicians?

It seems that the jazzman, in his attempt to be an unsullied artist, has carried his struggle to a vanishing point. It is all very well for a few heroes to go through the motions in a concert hall but what of the thousands of non-hero jazzmen who feel like a drug on the market when they are playing the only music that means anything to them?

American social dancing has become a kaleidoscope of Negro dance forms, cultural patterns from South America, and the contrivances of Broadway and Hollywood. Out of this terpsichorean turmoil, the American public has shown an enduring affection for the fox trot and lindy, both forms deeply rooted in a jazz dance. The affinity of the American dance public with the jazz musician is one to be considered at a time when jazzmen are more and more being forced into peripheral occupations for some financial security.

In recent years the jazzman has continually narrowed his frame of reference until it resembles a series of concentric circles moving toward the center rather than the normal expanding movement of a healthy art form. It is time for the rock 'n rollers (dejected jazzmen) and the society groups (defeated jazzmen) to step aside for the real dance musician—*the jazz musician who can swing.*

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High Fashion at Darmstadt

By EVERETT HELM

STUTTGART.

THE annual display of advanced, more advanced and most advanced music which takes place in conjunction with the Darmstadt Holiday Courses for New Music attracted an unusually cosmopolitan audience this year. From twenty-nine countries, representing five continents, the *avant garde* and its followers assembled for a two-week orgy of serialism, pointillism, totally-organized structures, and related problems.

Being at Kranichstein, as the Holiday Courses are generally called after the castle in which they began thirteen years ago, is something like attending an exclusive showing of Christian Dior, in which the fashions for the coming season are revealed. A certain atmosphere of superiority surrounds the unveiling of the latest models, which can be seen nowhere else in the world. This year skirts will be much, much wider according to the prominent designer Karlheinz Stockhausen, who is currently interested in problems of "Music in Space," on which subject he delivered a lecture that was illustrated by his "Groups for Three Orchestras." The Belgian composer-designer Henri Pousseur spoke on "Theory and Practice in the Newest Music," but this lecture proved to be a dud. Between the time he had finished writing it and the hour of its delivery, several new works had been composed, so that his contention that he was treating the *newest* music was an idle boast.

This, of course, is a serious matter in Kranichstein. Nobody is concerned with the music of yesterday, let alone of the day before. Only the latest musical modes and fashions are viewed, measured, and imitated assiduously, and anyone who questions their validity is definitely out of the swim—a conservative old fuddy-duddy. To "belong"—in short, not to betray oneself as a reactionary—one is required by the *genius loci* to accept with enthusiasm the latest revelations as gospel—or at least to make a pretence of so doing.

The kind of music in which Kranichstein specializes is decidedly not for the general public, not even for the majority of professionals. Whether this is the fault of the "stupid" public, which has not yet seen the glory of the new art, or whether the composers are writing in an intellectual ivory tower remains for the future to decide. In Darmstadt, tonality is as dead as the modal system of Gregorian chant, and even the twelve-tone music of Schönberg is considered very much "old hat." The only "authorized" point of departure is Anton Webern.

That Webern was in his way a genius can scarcely be disputed. His music is a model of finesse, of sensitivity, of imagination and, it must be stressed, of brevity. What has been and is being done in his name is often the very negation of these qualities. "Total serialism," in which all elements are subjected to slide-rule treatment, produces music in which imagination is superseded by calculation, sensitivity by esthetic brutality, and formal balance by a series of sounds that gives the impression of starting and stopping at random.

The above description suits the majority of compositions performed in the two-week marathon of modernity that was this year's festival, staged in conjunction with the Holiday Courses and with Radio Frankfurt. It would exceed the scope of this article even to name all of the many works performed, many of which were by young composers whose future will depend on whether or not they are able to come to terms with the facts of living music, as distinct from musical crossword puzzles. Some of the music left us fairly well convinced that the composers will *not* be able to do this, for there was no hint of innate musicality from start to finish. Other works betrayed the possibility that the composers have it in them and may well end up by writing music that communicates in the way that all great music of the past has done.

One such piece was the Swedish composer Bo Nilsson's "Mädchentotenlieder," a cantata for soprano and chamber orchestra which was one of the many world premieres in Darmstadt. The piece is somewhat too long for the content, but it has a certain shape, continuity, and expressive quality, despite some empty passages.

Pierre Boulez's new version of his "Le soleil des eaux" for three soloists, chorus, and orchestra, based on two poems of René Char, proved to be an impressive work, in which the "advanced" musical means were employed with meaning and purpose.

One of the most pleasant surprises of the festival was Luigi Nono's composition "Cori di Didone" for chorus and percussion. We call this a pleasant surprise because the latter works of this young Italian "radical" have seemed to get further and further away from meaningful music. His "Choruses of Dido" are enormously difficult and complicated, each of the four voices being divided into eight parts, but the result is in this case worth the effort. Despite their difficulty, the choruses are so written that they are entirely singable, and many of the sounds produced are extremely interesting. Eight percussionists supply the accompaniment and interludes. The chorus of Radio Cologne, conducted by Bernhard Zimmermann, deserves high praise for mastering the highly dissonant score.

John Cage gave a series of three very carefully worded, esoteric lectures dealing less with technical than with philosophical and psychological aspects of music. Together with David Tudor, he performed some of his owr works for prepared pianos, and Tudor alone played various other pieces, including Stockhausen's "trick" Piano Piece, Op. 11, which comes in the form of a scroll, allowing the performer to put together the bits and snatches thereon printed in any order he desires.

Luigi Nono and the conductor-composer Bruno Maderna collaborated in three "Composition Studios," the purpose of which was to perform and criticize the works of still younger composers. This purpose was not accomplished. In the one-and-a-half hour session we heard, fifteen minutes were devoted to waiting to begin, the next half-hour to rehearsing a thoroughly insignificant pointillistic trio for violin, clarinet, and snare drum, and another half hour to debating a point of notation that could have been disposed of in ten seconds. An extremely primitive analysis of the work by Nono was unenlightening.

The Darmstadt Holiday Courses are in a three-year-old rut, and that rut might be called "something new and 'original' at any price." We doub that his policy contributes to the furtherance of art and look forward to a day when such ruts are a thing of the past. There is nothing quite so silly and boring, as conscious, or self-conscious, radicalism.

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WHEN "BEAT ME, DADDY, EIGHT TO THE BAR" first struck the music world in about 1940, not even the psychologists could have anticipated the sadistic assault on our eardrums that was to evolve in our music production. Composer Malloy Miller has even included a whip among the various drums, cymbals and tympani that are beaten in this new percussion recording.

While such music is pretty rugged comfort for the relaxing-good-music listeners, it is none the less exciting and stimulating. Paul Price, who has conducted this new set of five percussion works, is a remarkable musician. Looking more like a staid businessman than a "wild" percussionist, he is really a kind of Toscanini-Stokowski of the percussion world.

I first encountered Price several years ago at the University of Illinois, where he had trained an outstanding group of young percussion players. He has since done much the same in Boston, at Boston University, and in New York at the Manhattan School. And, too, he has stimulated a whole group of young composers to write for percussion ensembles.

One has to adjust to new musical values here. Lou Harrison's "Song of Queztecoatl" is an evocative pagan poem. Michael Colgrass makes some of the most unabashed expressions of physical energy to be found anywhere in the whole musical repertory. But he can also produce from a percussion group sounds that purr as gently as a kitten.

There are two earlier recordings made by Paul Price: "Percussion Music," released by the University of Illinois; and a newer release on Urania called "Breaking the Sound Barrier." Both of these include Varese's "Ionisation," Michael Colgrass's "Three Brothers," and Lou Harrison's "Poetic Canticle." But even when percussive poetry is involved, this is not music to soothe the savage breast, but rather music to keep it company.

All told, the music is much more varied than one might expect, and Price's several recordings give an extensive coverage of music made of sounds thwacked, smacked, hammered, beaten, bonged and battered.

—OLIVER DANIEL.

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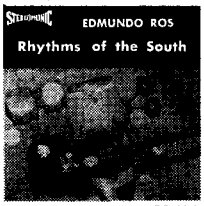

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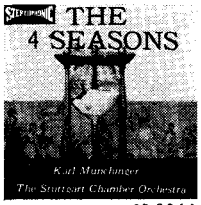

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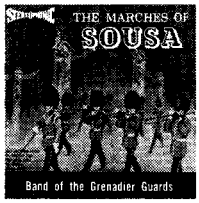

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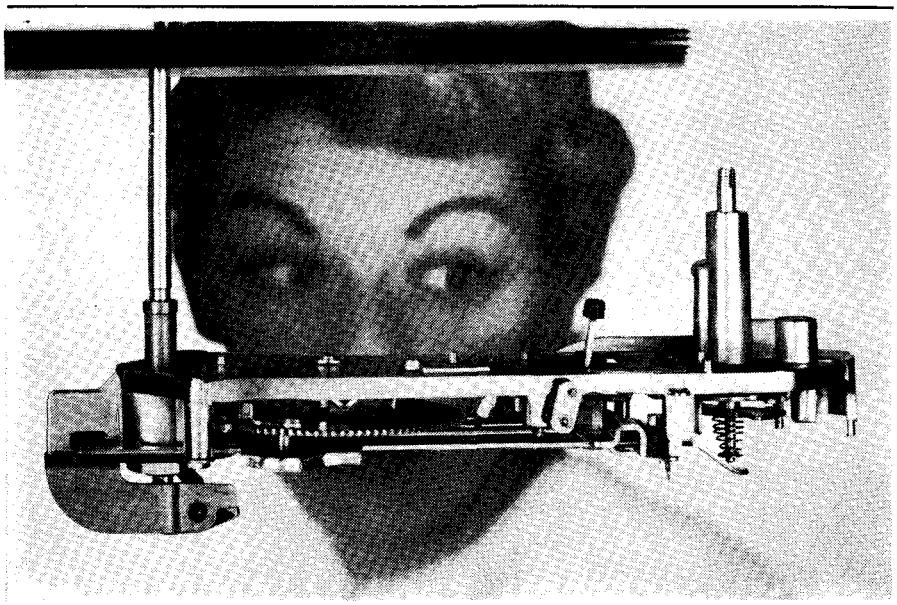

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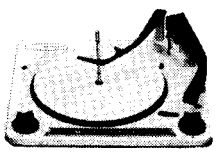

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Miles Davis

Continued from page 59

stirred Davis to remark sardonically, "You'd think I just got back from the moon."

Nineteen hundred and fifty-five also marked the formation of the Miles Davis Quintet (Miles Davis, leader and trumpet, John Coltrane, tenor sax, Red Garland, piano, Paul Chambers, bass, Philly Joe Jones, drums), a tightly-knit group that never attained the snob appeal of a Dave Brubeck or a Modern Jazz Quartet but, withal, was a consistently thoughtful, gutty jazz voice during its two years on the circuit. While the Quintet lived, the leader was volubly enthusiastic about the ensemble and the individual members ("Paul Chambers is the best bass player I've heard in years. And he *likes* to play! When we were in Los Angeles in 1955 with the group, Paul used to knock on my door at eight o'clock at night and ask, 'You ready to go to work'?"). Also during the pivotal year of 1955, Davis signed a recording contract with Columbia, a pact that has produced few LPs to date, all, however, exemplary jazz exercises. One, "'Round About Midnight" (Columbia 949), is a reading by the late Quintet that effectively demonstrates the taste, the rapport, the rooty blowing that identified the group as a contemporary classic. Another, and one of the more significant jazz sounds since "Budo," "Move," "Boplicity," *et al.*, appeared to reshape modern musical thinking, is "Miles Ahead/Miles Davis + 19" (Columbia 1041). Behind this, one of the purely remarkable big band experiments ever imprinted, are the invaluable contributions: the grandiose conception (largely attributed to Miles) of such a session, the arrangements of Gil Evans, perpetually underestimated as a writer, the nineteen-piece band that blows the charts with the unique blend of fire and ice that the Ellingtonians alone could emulate, the lavish budget (and not a little love for the project) provided by George Avakian, late of Columbia, and the magnificent musings of Miles.

The navigant Nat Hentoff once observed, ". . . no instrument, even perhaps including the bagpipe, is inherently impervious to the thoughtfully intense influence of Miles Davis." The #1 trumpet player in the United States, according to the people who go to the polls, coming on as never before, Miles's new eminence was neatly catalogued by an engineer at a recent Davis recording session. "Man," he feelingly remarked, "Miles is really marching!"

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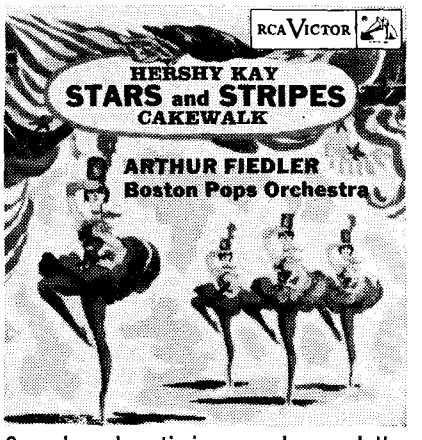

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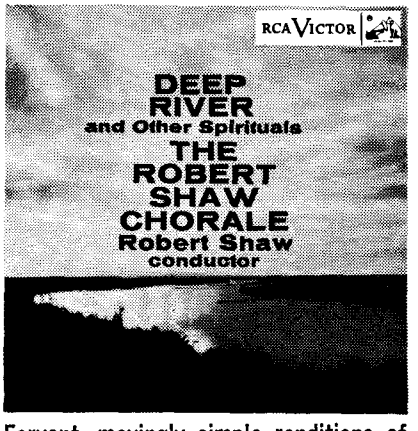

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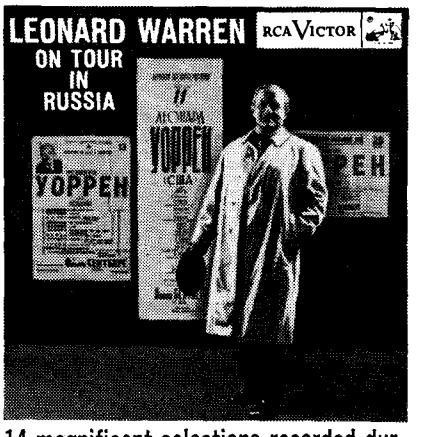

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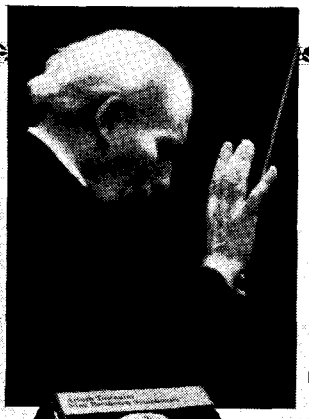

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